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CAUGHT.

The School Room.

[This department will be conducted with reference to the practical work and wants of the teacher. Suggestions and information will be found pertaining to management, studies, government, methods of teaching, waking up mind, general culture and examinations. Dialogues and recitations (mainly original) will be presented, suitable for recitations, etc. We invite every practical teacher to contribute to render this department of the SCHOOL JOURNAL useful in the highest degree possible to the toilers in the school-room.]

Sowing Seed.

SPRING is on the mountain,
Verdure on the hill,
Laughing from the fountain
Springs the silver rill.
Modest flowers are blooming
On the velvet mead,
All the air perfuming,
Brother sow thy seed.

Sunlight soft and cheering
Girds the southern cloud
Forms of love appearing
On the vision crowd;
Glowing truths around us;
That we all may read;
Thrilling voices whisper
Mortal sow thy seed.

Sow while smiling nature
Wooes the earnest toil,
Ere the blaze of summer
Dries the genial soil.
Autumn time is coming,
With its shadows drear,
Faded flowers and frost winds
Crown the waning year.

Sow with patient waiting,
God will send the rain,
And the genial sunshine
Swells the springing grain.
But, what, e'er thou sowest,
Autumn will mature;
Promises of harvest
Ever more endure.

Life is but seedtime;
Ev'ry hand must sow.
Swelling seed we scatter,
Where so e'er we go.
In the mystic future,
Sowing time will cease;
Ev'ry hand must gather,
All the fair increase.

"YOUR SUBSTITUTES."

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D. D., N. Y.

THIS paper is respectfully inscribed to such of the readers of the *Ledger* as are parents, and yet do not personally educate their own children, but depute the work to others. It is a plea for justice to the great body of teachers, but it is in the interest of the whole country.

During the war, a gentleman—from whose lips the present writer had the story—was drawn for service. He procured a substitute, watched his career, took an interest in his family, felt it keenly when the man was killed, and charged himself with the care of his wife and child. Even they who would not have done this cannot but admire the spirit of it. Well, teachers are the substitutes for parents, in the gravest business parents have on hand—the instruction of their children. They give them mental character; form their modes of thought, and in a great degree shape their character. Are these laborers—the second parents of your children—any more to you than those who sell you cloth, or groceries? Have these substitutes any claims upon you?

We maintain—and you doubtless would admit—that they have. But this is one of the things worth "hammering at," until an indolent, ineffectual admission becomes a positive sense of immediate duty, and a spring of action.

You owe to the teachers of your children *profound respect*. "But what if they are not deserving of respect?" Then they should not be their teachers. At any cost of money or effort get for them instructors to whom you can honestly bid them look up. Do you forget that the teachers, quite apart from what they teach, can make or mar the future of your children? Where did Chief-Justice Chase get his first notions of politics? It was, he says, at a school under charge of Dunham, who had edited a fiercely Federal paper of which a file was preserved in the attic. He tells us indeed, in narrating the fact, how he was kept in the judicial temper by his prudent Scottish mother telling him that newspapers were not to be implicitly relied upon. But who can tell how much Col. Dunham's old papers bent toward public life a mind of which the impress will long remain on the commerce of the country?

Be respectful in feeling and in language toward the teachers of your children. Treat them with marked deference. It will tell upon the mind and the progress of your children. Feeling that you esteem and value the teacher, seeing your courteous bearing toward him, your boy will catch your spirit, be a better pupil, and, in due time, a better man.

For reverence is an element in any strong and good character. It is acquired in childhood. But it is not learnt abstractly, but by revering persons. The want of it is a serious drawback; reverence is, we may say, one of the few things needed to render us perfect as a people. That this may not be thought the imagination of one not happy enough to be born west of the Atlantic, hear Dr. Woolsey, late President of Yale College—whose opinions on any subject are entitled to respect. "We can scarcely," he says, "be said to revere our equals; we may admire them, but they would not be our equals if we revered them. Under institutions which encourage the spirit of equality, therefore, reverence will be checked." To invite the teacher to your home, to show your children your regard for his views and opinions, as well as for his office, would lay the foundation possibly of habits of mind that would bless them through life; while, if the teacher is of the right stamp, it would render him happier, better and more effective.

You owe to the teachers *practical co-operation*. Go out of your way to see that the children are regular, punctual, and prepared. Make home arrangements conform to school duties, and let the children feel that you appreciate the teacher's toils and care, and mean to help, not hinder. Look at your children's books. If any thing is wanted for school get it promptly. Do not treat it as a thing that may be done at any time. And this applies to all grades of schools, male and female, public and private. In many of the "higher class" private schools of the country too little real education, it is to be feared, is given. On the one hand, children are sent in part for association; and on the other hand, teachers, knowing the state of the case, enforce little effort. All the more need, therefore, for parents to look into the children's school-work, and give such co-operation as they can. And, if you will think of it, this ought to be pleasant to you. It will amaze and pain you, some day, to realize how much Harry has grown away from you, and how little you know of him. Let the boy grow up under your eye and with you. If he lives he will all the more love you, and your memory. If he dies you will all the more cherish his image.

THE HONEST SPELLER.

A TEACHER writes: "In a country school a large class were standing to spell. In the lesson there was a very hard word. I put the word to the scholar at the head, and he missed it. I passed it to the next, and the next, and so through the whole class, till it came to the last scholar—the smallest of the class—and he spelled it right, at least I understood him so; and he went to the head, above 17 boys and girls, all older than himself. I then turned round and wrote the word on the blackboard, so that they might all see how it was spelled and learn it better. But no sooner had I written it than the little boy at the head cried out: 'Oh, I didn't say it so, Miss W—. I said *e*, instead of *i*.' And he went back to the foot, of his own accord, quicker than he had gone to the head. Here was an honest boy. I should always have thought that he spelled it right, if he had not told me; but he was too honest to take any credit that did not belong to him."

ALWAYS ON THE MARK.

YES, *always* on the mark. It is possible, even for boys; and if you are not on the mark while you are boys, you will not be when you have grown up to manhood. Every individual is more or less governed by habit, and if you cultivate the habit in youth of being punctual, it will be an easy matter to be always on the mark when you have grown up to assume the active duties of life. How frequently have we heard the remark made in reference to some particular individual, "he is *always* late; he *never* keeps an appointment." A man who is forever late, always behind the appointed time, will soon lose the confidence of the community, for they will correctly reason that he has but little regard for his word. Endeavor, then, while young, to cultivate the habit of punctuality; aim to incorporate it into your being as an indispensable element of character.

WHAT GRAMMAR DOES NOT TEACH.

GRAMMAR indicates, only in a limited way, the received usage; there are many idiomatic expressions concerning which it is no help. It does not explain the value of words, nor their proper use, and adds little to our vocabulary, though an abundance of words is indispensable to correct speaking and writing. It teaches neither pronunciation nor accent, nor the orthography of the variable parts of words, nor their diverse meanings, nor the difference of signification between words improperly called synonyms, nor the propriety of figurative language, nor any of those delicacies of expression which constitute the genius of a language and characterize a clear, elegant and correct style. So grammarians, who devote their lives to the rules of language, are

scarcely famous for their style. I do not know of one who has ever distinguished himself as an orator or writer. On the contrary, the greatest writers, such as Corneille, Pascal, Moliere, La Fontaine, and others, owe nothing to grammar; it did not exist in their time. The same is true of Homer, Thucydides, Virgil, Cicero, Dante, Petrarch, Milton and Shakespeare. Grammar, then, is not the art of speaking and writing correctly, and still less is it the art of reading, by which we ought to commence the study of language. "I should be glad," said Locke, "if I could be shown the language that could be learned by the rules of grammar." "A century of theory," said Lemare, "will not advance us a step in the knowledge of language." "It is the grossest mistake," said Condillac, "to commence with rules."—*Popular Science Monthly*.

TRAINING THE YOUNG.

To obtain the very best training is an every day and every hour problem, the solution of which requires the patient, tireless, conscientious devotion of a thoughtful mind that loves the work both for its own and the child's sake.

There is need of the strictest honesty and truthfulness of purpose and conduct toward the young. We desire to give added emphasis to this thought because of our own convictions that one of the most prolific sources of bad moral habits, or rather lack of moral habits and stamina, may be traced back to the untruthfulness of parents and teachers. The word may seem harsh, but it is the one which best defines the half-truths, the forgotten promises, or worse, the downright falsehood and prevarication, which make up a considerable part of the every day life of many persons in their relations with the young. Children are full of questions, and it is easier to turn them off with a half truth of falsehood than to tell the exact truth. Children are full of restlessness, and it is easy to quiet them with promises that are made only to be forgotten. The injustice and wrong of this course of action are well illustrated by an incident related by a lady who was spending a few days with friends in a neighboring city. One afternoon a part of the family went out to ride; and, as all could not go, one of the children, a bright, almost baby boy, very willingly decided to remain at home on promise that next time he should certainly go. A few days after this the carriage drove up, and father and mother prepared to go out alone, having forgotten the promise made their little boy. Willie was too proud, and perhaps angry, to say anything. He waited about until his parents closed the hall door; then, giving vent to his suppressed feelings, he stood by the parlor window and exclaimed bitterly, as he saw the carriage leave: "There go the two biggest liars in P——." The lady friend overheard the words, and when the parents heard of the condemnation pronounced upon them by their dear boy, they were taught a lesson which might well be pondered in many homes. The best earthly heritage the little ones of our households can fall heir to will come to them when parents and teachers realize the importance of their trust, with loving enthusiasm shall apply themselves to a personal discipline and culture directed to this one end—the right training of the young.

AN EDUCATIONAL ERROR.

THROUGH the American system of education, from the college to the district school, there runs a grave fault. It has too much rote and routine. It wants vitality, freshness, independence. The young man throws away forever his Homer and his Virgil with no comprehension of the heroic strain, nor of the first rich growths of art, invention and intellectual expression. The average boy in the average expensive private school repeats his Latin declensions and mumbles his United States history with no intimate knowledge of his work, and not much interest in it beyond the momentary excitement of reciting literally and getting it over. College authorities have borne testimony to the failures of the preparatory schools. The average girl in the average expensive private school takes her French, and her music, and her this and that of serious learning, and emerges coated with accomplishments and information—and utterly incapable of making her education available if hard necessity should by chance knock at the door. There is the average public schools—pupils rise at tap of bell, pupils march at tap of bell, fold their arms at tap of bell, and recite as mechanically the exact words of the book. There is constant toil and trouble about text-books, as if memory were the only possession to be cultivated, and the text-book the only great agent of education. It is, in truth, the refuge of the lazy and the incapable, while to the thorough and enthusiastic teacher it is only a help and a reference. When it is used as a collection of printed sentences to be repeated to the letter, it is lifeless. It is as a treasury of facts, dates, figures, and rules around which the teacher may group illustration and argument that it becomes of vivid value. We need more

listening and less talking on the part of the pupil, and less listening and more talking on the part of the instructor. It is time that the parrot system should end.

It is such instruction through all the branches that we anticipate in the school of the future. We look to see the teacher grow more and more into the lecturer, awaking and interesting the dull minds among his pupils, and delighting and rapidly developing the bright ones. Such instruction only men and women especially fitted by nature and study for their work can give;—and it is not improbable that the revolution which would substitute this method for that now in use would solve more than one of the troublesome problems of our national education. With less of the textbook would perforce come better teachers and larger salaries.—*Tribune*.

HON. NEWTON BATEMAN.

He was born in Cumberland county, New Jersey, on the 27th of July, 1822. In 1833, he came to Illinois with his father's family. He grew up accustomed to poverty and trained to hard manual labor. But an insatiable thirst for knowledge was awakened within him by listening on one occasion to the commencement exercises of Illinois College. A resolution, calm, determined, apparently hopeless, but never forgotten, was formed, that he, too, would some day deliver a graduate's oration from the same platform. By an unlooked-for gift of his time from his father, by a degree of economy that was unreasonable and undoubtedly hurtful, by all manner of handwork, by sweeping rooms, making fires, chopping wood, and by some teaching, by a power and rapidity of acquisition that seems almost miraculous, and, as the great cause, underlying all else, by his unquenchable love of knowledge, and the calm, continuous grip of his purpose, he at last succeeded, and, in 1843, went forth an accredited alumnus of the college near which his father had pitched his humble tent. The details of this period sound like the incidents of a stirring romance. While fitting for college, he studied in the woods when the weather was warm. But when the frost came on, his airy school-house ceased to be comfortable. His father's dwelling had no room that could be used for study. Where shall he go? It so happened that near the house was an ancient storm-scarred elm, about eleven feet in diameter. A bright thought came into the mind of the youth. What if this tree should prove to be hollow? Surely enough, on trial, hollow it was found. A door was cut in one side of it. The dead wood was partially removed. A scrap of carpet was contributed by a sister. A rough table, and stool "of the same" were improvised. A huge fire was kindled in front of the "door," so that its warm rays could penetrate the new domicile. Soon the master of the new temple began the service for which it was meant, and the wooden walls reverberated with the sound of *hic, haec, hoc!* The preparation for college went on apace, and in four months from its beginning, the young student was admitted into the Freshman class.

After a brief attendance upon Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati, during the presidency of Dr. Lyman Beecher, he accepted a traveling agency for a historical chart.

After this, he taught a private school in St. Louis, which became very prosperous under his management. From 1847 to 1851, he was professor of mathematics in St. Charles College, Missouri. In 1851, he became principal of the Public Free School in Jacksonville. This was several years before the free-school law was passed by the State. Here he performed the work of two or three men, being principal of the High School, superintendent of schools for the city, and commissioner of schools for the county. During his principalship, he fitted more than a hundred students for college, and as many more became teachers. He was twice elected county commissioner,—the second time without opposition. In 1858, resigning his position, he was appointed principal of the Jacksonville Female Academy. But in December of that year, he resigned this new position, preparatory to entering upon the duties of State Superintendent.

From the hands of the Republican party he has received altogether six nominations, most of them by acclamation. But his strength with the people has been more marked and constant than with the party. Only in the year 1862, when the State was swept by the democrats, did not fail of an election. Five times have the people given him the proof of their confidence by handsome majorities. In every election but one, when he has been a candidate, he has led his ticket.

In 1860 appeared the first of that series of masterly biennial reports that have placed their author in the first rank of educational writers. In these reports he grappled with the profoundest, and at the same time, the most practical, questions relating to schools and school systems. As a teacher he had been eminently successful, but when he came to State Superintendency he did not confine himself to the mere matter of school work and organization,

but he reached forth and seized with a masterly grasp, the political and social relations of education. He discussed the school system in its most comprehensive aspects. The Report for 1859-60, treated of primary instruction, teachers' institutes and school architecture. Emphasis was laid chiefly upon the first of the three topics. As is well known, under the old regime of education, the primary school was looked upon as of little consequence. Any one with the slightest modicum of attainments was fit to teach small children. This report is luminous with a nobler philosophy, and contains besides, many judicious practical counsels upon methods and instrumentalities. The second of his reports appeared in 1862, in the darkest times of the war, and very naturally its main topic was the relation of the school to the State. The key-note of it is this proposition, that "the chief end of a system of public schools is to make good citizens." Most vigorously, and in glowing periods, is this thought urged upon the people. In 1864 he was re-elected, and the report for 1865-66, the third of Dr. Bateman's, and the sixth of the series, was devoted mainly to relations of the college to the public school; and to the American idea of education, including under the last head what is known as the township school system. In the next number, for 1867-68, we find first, the analysis and exposition of the school law, and second, a group of reports from colleges, universities, academies and other chartered institutions. It is a repository of useful information. The report for 1869-70, appeared as the new constitution was going into operation, and very naturally, its main topic is the new constitution as affecting our public schools. The custody and disbursement of the school funds are also explained, the value of the county superintendency is maintained, and the wild project of a state uniformity of textbooks is opposed. Last of the series thus far published, is the Report for 1871-72. Its main subjects are natural sciences in the schools, and the educational rights of children. Under this last heading the principal of compulsory education is advocated with the writer's customary ability. It is understood that in the forthcoming report—the last to be prepared by Dr. Bateman, there will be a discussion of the question: how may schools in the rural districts be improved? Also a recommendation of the township system, and full statistics concerning the normal schools of Illinois, both State and county.

One of the most marked characteristics of his public speeches, is that they are most elaborately and conscientiously prepared. No unfinished sentence, no crude thought ever falls from him at such times. He regrets that he did not in early life acquire the habit of extemporaneous speaking, regarding his habitual dread of it as a great misfortune. But there are thousands of *spouters* in the country who would confer a lasting blessing upon the public by an occasional dash of a similar unreadiness.

The records of the great educational movements of the country, show that Dr. Bateman has had a hand in many important undertakings. He was one of a committee of three, appointed by the National Association of Superintendents, to memorialize Congress for the establishment of the Bureau of Education, and to prepare a bill for carrying that measure into effect. He spent a week in Washington on that business in 1867. The act now in force does not materially differ from the committee's draft.

During the present year, he has been elected president of Knox College in Galesburg, and he expects to enter upon his duties during the coming spring.

SEX OF TEACHERS.

This frequent change of teachers seriously impedes the progress of our schools. It is still worse, since a large portion of the new comers are untrained; but the changes are unavoidable; they come about in the regular course of nature. Among so many workers of any class, there will always be a proportion of incompetent or unsuitable persons, who, in the fullness of time, must drop out; and then, matrimony is a goal which a large number of unmarried women must reach year by year, so long as society exists. Among those women who are fitted by nature to be the guides and instructors of children and youth, the proportion who marry is as large as that of any other class of young ladies, if not larger. And the qualities of love of children, amiability, gentleness and affection, which make woman the superior of man in the discipline of children, and therefore fit her especially for places in our schools, are the very qualities which, as a rule, will subsequently withdraw her from them. I mean that a majority of female teachers will marry and leave school. And let no one imagine that, in saying this, any reproach is intended upon those who continue in school and remain single. It would be better for society, and add largely to the sum of human happiness, if more women had the courage and independence to encounter the fortunes of this world single-handed and alone, rather than to risk the sacrifice of their true womanhood in an ill-assorted marriage.

What we need is more of strong manly character in our schools; and to secure this we must attract it from other callings. As for having the work done as well by woman, there is a part which she can do far better; a part, equally well; and a part, not at all. Her superiority in educating little children, when the heart is in the work, can not be denied; her equality in the work of instruction is plain; but drill is not all of school. In the development of character, the influence of woman is indispensable; but she alone, would make boys womanish, and girls not altogether womanly.

ADVANTAGES OF STUDY WITHOUT A MASTER.

ONE of the worst evils of the university system is, that not a step can be taken without a master. In place of exercising the pupils in the imitation of good models, which would in part dispense with his aid, they are pushed in a false direction, where they seek their way painfully, and cannot advance without help; while the professor discourages them by corrections which are renewed without ceasing.

Self-guidance is the first condition of a reasonable, improvable being. Children should learn at school how to study alone—to discover for themselves what they wish to know. In giving them no initiation, in denying them their free-will, we prepare them to resign themselves to the passive part imposed upon the nation by governments that take the initiative in all measures of social interest. We thus form subjects for a tyrant, not citizens of a republic.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

PARROT DRILL.—It is said that a gentleman who fell in with one of our school boys offered him a quarter if he would tell him the names of the capitals in Europe. It was done, and quickly. "Now," said the gentleman, "I will give you another quarter if you will tell me whether they are animals or vegetables." "Animals" was the ready and confident answer.

A BEAUTIFUL ANSWER.—When the Emperor of Germany was lately on a visit in a distant portion of his dominions, he was welcomed by the school children of the village. After their speaker had made a speech for him, he thanked them; then taking an orange from a plate, he asked:

"To what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the vegetable kingdom, sir," replied the little girl.

The emperor took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up, asked:

"And to what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the mineral kingdom, sir," replied the little girl.

"And to what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the emperor.

The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom," as he thought she would, lest his majesty should be offended; when a bright thought came, she said, with radiant eyes:

"To God's kingdom, sir."

The emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head, and said most devoutly:

"Grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

In broadening the basis of education by the addition of the elements of science and art to the subjects of instruction in schools, we give opportunities not yet obtainable for reaching the faculties of peculiarly constituted minds, and place within the reach of all the first steps of many useful careers; and thus we guard against a waste of human power and a misdirection of human life, and at the same time pave the way for greater intelligence and refinement generally. A child who can not draw the forms of objects which his eye sees, as readily as he can write or repeat the words his ear hears, is only half educated; for only half his natural powers have been *educated*, or brought out.—*Walter Smith*.

THE MOTHER.—It has been truly said that the first being that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor, in his heart's difficulty, is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her; his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instills the lesson of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labor is not in vain. She may drop into the grave; but she has left behind her influence that will do its office.

"HOW CAN PARENTAL CO-OPERATION BE SECURED?"—Make the children feel that you seek their best interests, and after gaining their confidence, you will be likely to have that of their parents. Be very careful about your habits; they will be noticed, and will have either a bad or good influence upon your school.

Collegiate Department.

WILLIAM L. STONE, Editor.

All communications designed for this department of the paper must be addressed as above.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WILLIAMS COLLEGE ALUMNI.

POEM BY E. W. B. CANNING.

THE Alumni of Williams College from New York and vicinity, to the number of 50 or 60, assembled at Delmonico's, on Monday evening, March 1, to discuss their annual dinner and "have a good time generally." The poet Bryant presided at the board, and after proper attention to the provision for the outer man, proceeded to the other and choicer duties of the evening. The president, an alumnus of 61 years' standing, complimented his *Alma Mater*, her surroundings, her graduates and her prospects in a ten minutes' speech. "I am glad," he said, "to see so many here this evening to honor our *Alma Mater* and renew the associations of our college days. There are few here so gray as myself, and I feel that 65 years is a long time to look back upon. In 1810, when I was at Williams, it was little more than the embryo of what it now is. Those who are matriculated there now know more than most who graduated then. Let us hope that the progress of Williams College may be in the future what it has been in the past. Science has become somewhat conceited since my college days. Scientists seem to regard all that is outside the material world as unknowable, nothing, as only sick men's dreams, and the sayings of Socrates, Plato, and Paul, as mere subjects of discussion. Let us hope that the progress of our beloved institution may be such that those classic grounds may be covered with quadrangles and arcades, like those of Oxford and Cambridge. Up there among those beautiful meadows and splendid streams our students are refreshed by a glorious nature." Prolonged applause greeted Mr. Bryant's remarks. He then proceeded to call upon the different speakers who had been booked to respond to the pre-arranged toasts, in the following order. Before the regular toasts, however, a letter was read from Dr. Mark Hopkins, expressing regret at his inability to attend the dinner, and also one from President Chadbourne, who wrote concerning the condition of the college, which is very prosperous. The first toast of the evening, "Our *Alma Mater*," was responded to by the Hon. E. C. Benedict. He said that the graduates should be grateful to Providence for their vanity as well as for other things. Williams College had for 80 years been sending out upon the world classes that average, year in and year out, 29 men, and these men are now felt as an influence in every part of the land, many of them leaders. Williams College desired to give a man a good liberal education, and had done it, and was doing it. The alumni had every reason to be proud of their beloved *Alma Mater*. Letters were then read from Prof. Dimmock of the Adams Academy, President Bascom of the University of Wisconsin, and Prof. Carter of Yale College, and a beautiful poem by Prof. Carter was reported. The Rev. Dr. William Adams, an invited guest, replied to the toast of "Our Sister Colleges." He said that the sentiment was the same in all colleges, and as mythology grasped the Muses and Graces, so are the colleges bound together. There is no monopoly in good books and in good deeds. The works of Bryant and the philosophy of the brothers Hopkins belonged to all colleges; they belong to the world. Mr. E. W. B. Canning then replied to "Williams' boys at the Receipt of Customs," in a brief fytte of humorous verse which we give below. The next toast, "Williams College," was assigned to the Rev. Dr. S. I. Prime, who said he counted it a happy circumstance that, though not so old as Mr. Bryant, he was born in the same year as his first born, "Thanatopsis." He spoke of the works of ex-President Hopkins, who, he said, would have been a poet had he not been a philosopher. He then referred to the prominent positions of Williams Alumni on the Press in all parts of the world. Remarks were made by Dr. Ira Remsen and Prof. Tenney of the College, and by Dr. Kempshall, who took the chair when Mr. Bryant retired. Speeches were also made by S. B. Brownell of Union College, C. A. Davison, who paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of the late Prof. Hopkins; A. C. Brown, Morris Tyng, and others. College songs and college reminiscences engaged the company until a late hour. Among the prominent alumni present were James B. Metcalf, O. G. Barton, B. C. Hall, Dr. Goodrich, Morris Tyng, Wm. Meynders, and the Rev. William T. Booth.

Numerous letters from various distinguished alumni were interspersed between the responses, and the occasion was a thoroughly enjoyable one, particularly after the opening speeches (whose only fault was their length), had given place to the less formal and more enlivening exercises. We could not forbear the thought that at such gatherings, brevity, condensation and humor are the qualities to

be chiefly cultivated, in order to secure personal success and the cheerful feeling that should pervade all gatherings of the character in question. "Short, and to the point," should be the order of the evening, and efforts made under its influence take better and are longer remembered than the finest flight of protracted oratory. There was also, perhaps, a little too much incense burned to the worthy gentleman who presided—but take it all in all, it was a most delightful reunion. That old and highly reputable college secret fraternity—the SIGMA PHI, was represented by no less than sixteen members. Among them, besides Mr. Canning, we recognized the well known counsellor Thomas M. North, of this city. We regretted, however, not seeing Mr. A. H. Laffin, the genial Naval Officer of the port of New York—an alumnus of Williams and also a member of this distinguished fraternity.

MR. CANNING'S POEM.

DEAR Mother Williams, who enjoys
A famous family of boys,
Whose brains old Gotham's stir and noise
Set daily heating,
Sends from her queenly equipage
Maternal greeting.

Her fiat, issued long ago
From Berkshire's hills of green and snow,
Bade us our several courses row
In life's regatta—
Reaching—as tide or currents flow—
Maine or Maharratta.

Yet each along his separate way,
May rest him for a transient stay,
With toiling brethren, grave and gay,
Where pleasure flows
From Reason's cup—for instance, say
Delmonico's.

It boots to whet the rusted edge
Of memory on the diamond wedge
Of joy, reburnishing the pledge
Of youth's bright day.
Alas, the mire, the sand, the sedge
Along our way!

For time and toil, and care and tears,
Will dim the shrine of golden years,
And bid us see, through mists of fears,
Our young hopes falter.
Refresh we then the flame that cheers
Our Vesta's altar.

Old Flaccus is authority
For "dulce est desipere
In loco"—and accordingly
We smooth a wrinkle,
When, redivivus, each can see
His Rip Van Winkle.

And, differ as we may in deeds,
Professions, politics and creeds,
At this board each alumnus pleads
His exequatur,
And in his brother's eye-light reads
Vive, *Alma Mater*!

LETTER FROM GLADSTONE.

(At the Request of the Trustees of Union College we print the following.)

HONORARY CHANCELLORSHIP OF UNION UNIVERSITY

AT the semi-annual meeting of the Board of Governors of Union University recently held at the Albany Medical College, an interesting communication was presented from the Right Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone having been prevented by his inability to cross the Atlantic from accepting the annual Chancellorship, Bishop Potter, of New York, who enters, at the next Commencement, on the 50th year since his graduation from Union College has consented to deliver the Chancellor's Address on that occasion. The following extract is taken from the letter of Mr. Gladstone:

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER, Jan. 2d, 1875.

The communication reached me a few days back, in the midst of overwhelming occupations, and I regret to say, it is really not a matter of choice with me whether I shall accept or decline the most kind and flattering invitation. In truth my engagements are such, and my correspondence, that I can hardly face them by constant work every day, and pretty nearly all day; and I am obliged at once to put aside, what does not come to me as proximate duty.

I observe, indeed, that in the most considerate way an offer is made to absolve me from attendance on the regular occasion for it, but this dispensation would necessarily be in the nature of a postponement; when, as I lament to say, that I must make over to other, to younger, and to less occupied men, the hope of crossing the Atlantic.

I have but one complaint to make; life is too full, time too rapid, which in truth means, that the provision divinely made for our exercise and growth, is too bounteous. But it produces a relative penury, a penury of power to do the duties that are waiting and crying out to be done.

You will, I am sure, appreciate my reasons and commend them to kind acceptance. Be assured of my deep interest in the progress of all good learning in America.

I remain, respectfully and faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

II. PHONOGRAPHY—HOW IT SHOULD BE TAUGHT.

PHONIC shorthand is based on the phonic spelling, which is now practiced to a considerable extent in the best schools of this and other large cities. This "spelling by sound," as it is often called, has been found to aid materially in breaking up improper or foreign habits of speech among children, and securing a clear and uniform pronunciation. To aid this phonic spelling, and rightly introduce phonography, a chart, having on it the phonographic alphabet in large characters, should be hung in the primary schools, to be used in connection with the drill on elementary sounds. Each phonographic character denotes some particular sound of the language, and consists of but one simple line, straight or curved, and made in a different direction. Now, very young children can imitate these characters on a slate, or piece of paper, and by so doing will become familiar with the first principles of linear drawing, and their hands be trained to execute the lines accurately. The vowel sounds, which are denoted on the same chart by their proper signs of dots and short dashes in various positions, are arranged so that they can be sung to a musical scale; this singing the vowel sounds has been found to fix them accurately on the ear and materially assist in the direct instruction given by the music teacher. Fifteen minutes a day in primary schools devoted to some of the varied exercises which may be given from this alphabetic chart will impart to the children a full acquaintance with all the elementary sounds; will give them a clear articulation and a sharp and precise utterance. They will know how to produce and utter the spoken language by associating the sounds of words with those simple phonographic characters that change not in meaning. And they will, before entering the grammar department, be acquainted with the correct phonographic representation of a large number of common words.

Up to this time there will be no need for any special instructor of phonography, as any intelligent teacher can use the chart without further instruction than is afforded by the explanations which accompany it. Therefore, no expense will be incurred except the small amount for a chart in each room. On passing into the grammar department the pupils will be prepared to learn from the special teacher of phonography the use of those smaller signs called "adjuncts," which are substituted for the alphabetic stems to denote the consonant sounds, and, which being used under certain rules compress and abbreviate the writing until it becomes truly a "shorthand."

This plan, for giving thorough instruction in phonic shorthand in the public schools at but little cost, was presented to the Board of Education of New York city two years ago. Lately, some progressive action has been taken. Phonography is allowed to be taught in the highest grades of the Grammar schools, and a class has been formed at school 24. To make the instruction successful, and of real value, so that graduates of the public schools can use the art for general business purposes and correspondence, it is only needful that phonic shorthand be taught just as other studies are—gradually and steadily in all grades. [The text-book used in this class at the Elm street school is Burns' Phonic Shorthand, which being on the list of school supplies can be obtained on requisition by the principal of any school for examination.]—*Eliza B. Burns.*

THE STORY OF A GREAT SINGER.

EMMA ABBOTT, the American *prima donna*, a Paris correspondent says, is putting herself through such training as I had no conception was necessary to fit one for the stage, and which, if it does not kill her, will make her the rival of any soprano you may happen to think of. Miss Abbott is certainly deserving of success. Many romantic stories are told of her early career, but the true story is as follows: She is the daughter of a man well known in Milwaukee as the leader of a little band which played at balls and public places. Abbott organized a traveling company, and his daughter accompanied him. Her singing was fair for a child, but her father was one of those men to be found in every locality—carried away with his violin, and with no thought beyond. He was known among the boys as a "good fellow," and there his description must end.

Emma Abbott, if she possessed no musical education, certainly had ambition. She was very poor, and entered a church choir expecting to make enough to pay for instruction. It was decided, after a time, that while her voice was good, she was so totally deficient in music that she was obliged to leave, and did so. She went to Chicago, and a fortnight's experience in a church there resulted the same. Her treatment was sufficient to discourage any young girl, but it did not discourage little Emma. Her acquaintances laughed at her enthusiasm, but the girl must have felt an inspiration in her work. Learning that Kellogg was to be in Toledo, Ohio, she went there determined to see her, and

ask her advice. She had not money to buy a ticket to the opera, but one day she went boldly to Kellogg's hotel, met her and told her story. Miss Kellogg, with her kind heart, gave her a ticket for the evening, and, when the performance was over, scattered the performers into the auditorium, and, setting the little girl on the stage alone, made her sing to them as she had been accustomed to do. This trial decided her fate. There were admiring comments on her wonderful voice from all sides, and Strakosch joined with Miss Kellogg in urging her to go to New York for instruction, where they would be responsible for all necessary bills. She gladly went, began lessons with Ernani, soon got paying employment in church choirs, and joined Plymouth church, and about the same time made a permanent engagement to sing in Dr. Chapin's church. Her improvement, under instructions, was so rapid and her voice developed so stoutly, that her new friends sent her to Europe, and she is there now striving and working to the end that when a poor little girl in Milwaukee she laid out for herself. It is believed that she will take the place left vacant by the lamented Parepa-Rosa.

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.

If we are afflicted by nature with crooked noses and irregular features, it is because of irregularities in our ancestors' features or habits, and we cannot rid ourselves of them, but we can so live that our children and grandchildren can be handsome. Rules of health must be observed. Keep clean—wash freely, and universally with cold water. All the skin wants is leave to act freely, and it will take care of itself. Its thousands of air holes must not be plugged up. Eat regularly and simply. The stomach can no more work all the time, night and day, than a horse; it must have regular work and regular rest. Good teeth are essential to good looks, especially if people live so much on the surface that they are continually talking or laughing. Brush them with a soft brush, especially at night. Go to bed at night with the teeth clean. Of course, to have white teeth it is needful to let tobacco alone. Every woman knows that. And any powder or wash for the teeth should be very simple. Acids may whiten the teeth, but they take off the enamel or injure them. Look well to the ventilation of your rooms. No one can have a clear skin who breathes bad air. But, more than all, in order to look well, wake up the mind and the soul. When the mind is awake, the dull, sleepy look passes away from the eyes. Keep thinking pleasant, noble thoughts, and read not trashy novels, but books that have something in them. Talk with people who know something; hear lectures and learn by them. This is one good of preaching. A man thinks and works, and tells of the result. But if we listen, and heed, and understand, the mind and soul are waked up. If the spiritual nature is aroused so much the better. We have seen a plain face really glorified with the love of God and the men who shone through it. Let us grow handsome.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION IN THE COUNTRY.

How well do I recollect those examinations at the end of each school term which were inflicted on us boys in the country town where I first learned the mysteries of the "Three R's,"—reading, writing and arithmetic—some parts of the latter being my favorite occupation—*right for vacation*, and *figure* to avoid detection in quagmire! With what dread did we enter the school-room on those "Black Fridays," dressed in our Sunday best—and alas with some, the children upon whom Dame Fortune had frowned, Sunday and week-day best were the same—ready to welcome the entering of the awe-inspiring committee, who were to question and cross-question us as we arose in the class to recite, one after another, like witnesses in a court of justice, with rapidly-beating hearts, trying to tell all we knew, often confused at the questions and ready to sink. How welcome came the "That will do; you may sit down!"

The picture is with me now of the boys sitting so erect and statue-like in their seats, with the desks piled high with books, and the long row of seats on the platform filled with parents and friends ready to approve the successful or deplore the unfortunate; between the two the teacher's desk, behind which sat the committee—Doctor Quackenboss, Parson Mildmay, and Esquire Ketchum. The seemingly never-ending day at last draws near its end. The last lesson is recited, the books laid aside till another quarter, and the school is called to order. The teacher, as if no previous arrangement had been made, asks the Doctor if he will not address a few remarks to the school. The Doctor rises, steps to the centre of the desk, takes the ferule, as if grasping a scalpel in his hand, with a countenance expressive of being engaged in a surgical operation, and begins. His theme is Duty. Duty of obedience to teachers. Duty owed to parents for giving us such an elegant education. Duty we should one day owe the State, when we should become citizens of the Great Republic, and perhaps be

called upon to preside over its destinies. Duty! Duty! stern, inflexible duty—characteristic of the life of the speaker—but not one word of encouragement or praise for the efforts we had made in climbing the hill of science. No wonder that when sick, we did not desire him to administer unto us!

The parson succeeded the doctor, with a book in his hand, recalling the picture of the good old man as he stood in the pulpit on the Sabbath and gave out the familiar hymn, saying, "You will omit, if you please, the last stanza." After a few kind words to the school and teacher, "as it is growing late, and as I know that the squire has a few words to say to you, and can say them better than I can, I will take my seat." I would like to strew flowers to-day on this good man's grave, did I know the spot where he is laid to rest.

The squire, one of those smooth, oily, thin-visaged men all can easily remember to have met stepped to the front, as though to address a jury (the spectators), while the teacher appeared the criminal at the bar, ready to receive sentence. The first part of the oration is directed to the school, telling us of the privileges we enjoy and how well we should improve the opportunities offered us; how vastly more favored were we than our parents, in the way of improved textbooks; fine, well-warmed and comfortable school-houses, instead of the rude, ill-ventilated ones of his day—quoting for our benefit:

"No pent-up Utica confines our powers,
But the whole boundless Universe is ours!"

Then he turns to the teacher—all the while bowing right and left, and washing his hands in invisible water—to compliment him upon the fine manner of the recitations—in fine, upon everything appertaining to the school. Still the squire's speech, which in the beginning was to be very short, like the fabled serpent, "drags its slow length along." How terribly hard the seats got, and how slow the hands creep around the face of the old clock, while we exclaim in our youthful hearts, "How stale and unprofitable is man!" To those of us living on a farm the delivery was becoming a burden grievous to be borne, as we saw the twilight of the short autumn day, and thought of milking cows, splitting kindling, or bringing the morning's supply of wood, by the light of the lantern dimly burning. Then the squire turns to the parents, and tells them how happy he is to see so many of them present to assist him in examining the school, and see for themselves what is being done by the town to educate their children. At last he is through!

The spectators, after variously congratulating one another and numerous hand-shakings, departed. The poor, tired, half-distracted teacher, after a few kind words of thanks for our good behavior, gives the welcome words, "School's dismissed!" How our hearts rejoiced that all was over, for the next examination seemed a vast distance off, and troubled us not.

Does it not seem strange that among the vast army of committee men, comprising so many among the learned professions, scarcely one in a thousand can address a school appropriately? How much better to interest the boy by talking less of duty and a little more of his sports—of his life outside the school-room! In like manner as the thrifty housewife takes the dry, unpalatable crusts, and by adding spice and a little sweetening makes a palatable dish for the table, well relished. Instead of the dry, stereotyped speech, there is preferable the annual address of the chairman of a committee in one of the rural towns in Maine, who always began with—"Well, boys! to-morrow's Fourth of July. S'pose you know what that means, don't you? If you don't when you go home ask your folks, and they'll tell you all about it. They say Uncle Sam's rich enough to give us all a farm. Don't know whether he will or not. Guess he won't, unless we work for it." This interested the boys and amused their parents.

Or even the speech of another chairman in the northern part of my own State, which might truthfully be entitled his "maiden speech." He called one day at the school, which was presided over by an accomplished young lady. At the close, she requested him to address the scholars. It was all included, in nearly as few words as Cæsar's famous *Veni, Vidi, Vici*: "Boys! love your teacher. I do."

The titling of the scholars and the blushing of the teacher telling him "some one had blundered," brought the speech to an untimely end. At least, it had the merit of brevity.—*Danbury News.*

VISITING SCHOOLS.—None but the teacher realizes the beneficent effects of frequent visits from parents and guardians to the school. They stimulate the teacher to greater effort and encourage the pupil to more diligence. Nothing helps more to make children take an interest in themselves than to be fully persuaded that their parents take deep interest in their progress. Do not go to school especially on Friday, or the last day, but go on Monday or Tuesday, or any day when you can spare an hour or two, and see the

every-day workings of your school. Teachers and school officers can do much, but they cannot perform the duty you individually owe your children and your neighbors. The value of a friendly visit and an encouraging word from each patron of the school once or twice during the term cannot be told. Without it the record is incomplete and the school is partially, at least, a failure.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL:

SIRS.—In your excellent and educational journal, Dec. 26, 1874, your wise discernment and poetic appreciation caused to be published a MSS. poem, entitled "The Normal College," transmitted by the authoress to you with the modest and grateful signature of a "Saturday Pupil." The poem has been copied and highly commended, and deservedly, for it is a composition of unusual excellence, power and eloquence, tributary in its object, just in its motive, eloquent in language, with pathos equal to its gracefulness. It is, at the same time, a poetic monument to the institution and the authoress, and an excellent recitation for pupils.

When the Governor General of Canada (a few months ago) was in this city, he visited our "Normal College," and upon his Excellency's return to his capital at Ottawa, he addressed a large assembly at his formal reception home.

The Earl of Dufferin pronounced a brilliant speech (he being highly educated and an orator) in which he gave a vivid description of, and high and just praise to the college and its 600 lady pupils, the future teachers in our public schools and seminaries. Lord Dufferin's speech was copied in the *Sun* and other journals here; and I having been honored by the friendship of members of his family when in Europe—his Countess being the sister of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the poetess, and Duchess of Somerset. I wrote to him a letter of congratulation and thanks for his oratorical compliment to our educational seminary, the Normal College. Enclosing his speech as published here, I placed by its side its poetic companion, a copy of the admirable poem, as published in your valuable journal; and also transmitted the name of the authoress, Anna Morris, who also wrote what may be termed the prize poem, "God Bless the Little Church Around the Corner," as accorded by the Rev. Dr. Houghton in his letter to her.

I have recently received, from the Governor General, a reply to my letter, and especially a response in regard to the poem; and believing that you would be pleased to receive a copy for publication, as being of interest to your readers, encouragement to young authors, and in justice to the lady's talents, I herewith transcribe from the original before me, viz:

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, CANADA,
19th Feb., 1875.

"To George, the Count Joannes (of New York City).

SIR—I am desired by His Excellency, the Earl of Dufferin, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th February, inst., and to express to you his sincere thanks for your kindness in forwarding to him a copy of the graceful poem composed in honor of the Normal College, by Miss Anna Morris.

His Excellency would feel obliged if you would convey to the talented authoress an expression of his thanks for the pleasure he has derived in perusing it.

I have the honor, sir,

Your obedient servant,

H. C. HELEBER,

Gov. Gen'l's Secretary.

Of course I carried into effect my ambassadorial duties to the authoress. Expressing my best wishes for your success.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE, THE COUNT JOANNES,

Of the New York Supreme Court.

N. Y. City, March 3d, 1875.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.—"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a teacher who had an odd way of catching the idle boys. One day he called out to us, 'Boys I must have closer attention to your books. The first one that sees another idle I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'

"Ah!" thought I to myself "there is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him off his book I'll tell." It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master.

"Indeed?" said he, how did you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did? And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?"

"I was caught, and I never watched for idle boys again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others. Time is short, and if your cross be heavy, remember you have not far to carry it.

Literary Department.

MARGARET AND ELIZABETH.

BY KATHERINE SAUNDERS,
AUTHOR OF "GIBSON'S ROCK."

CAPTAIN HECTOR BROWNE'S JOURNAL—(CONTINUED).

PART IV.

You can think, Margaret, what I felt when I heard that name.

I watched, with feelings I cannot tell you, the grand preparations of the natives for their hunting excursion. How slow they seemed! I thought they would never, never start.

At last they set off, and now a piece of good fortune, such as I had never dreamt of—never thought of—befel me—us, governor, I may say. The women and children, and old men, who were to be left at home, in their admiration of their warriors, followed them round the corner of a cliff, which hid their prisoner from their sight for a minute or two.

I could not resist the temptation. My heart beating against the rock like a sledge-hammer, I leaned over and said softly,

"Mate!"

"We'll stick together, mate?"

And I'd say,

"Ay, ay."

And sometimes I'd find breath to say to him,

"We'll stick together, mate?"

And he'd say,

"Ay, ay."

What a race we had, governor! What frights we had! How often we saw the whole tribe of natives coming suddenly upon us in those files of trees! We did not dare cook anything. We lived on what we could find growing in the forests. The governor knew better than me the uses of things there. I might have starved over and over again before I should have found out the roots and things he knew of.

I need not tell you what I said to him of 'Lizbeth's kindness to you, Margaret; or how he listened, saying now and then, but in such a different way from what he had said before, among the savages,—

"I see—I see!" or,

"Ay, ay! that's 'Lizbeth; yes."

Joshua began like this:—

"How did I get out here? That's the question, friend-in-need, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes, yes; that's Josh Vandereck. Lazy dog!"

"Ah! I see—I see!" and Joshua's eyes seemed to be dodging something round the trees, as he looked far away into them; and I wish you could have seen how they twinkled, and how the red sunlight shone in them, and looked like a drop of blood coming up from his heart into them as he spoke.

"Look you, friend-in-need," says he. "I, Josh Vandereck, can tumble out into my little boat and row ashore on a broiling hot Sunday afternoon, and lounge up the village street with my hands in the pockets of my old workaday clothes to disgrace her by hanging about the little chapel door."

"What has this to do with how I came here?" says Joshua, after he had been quiet a little while. "Friend-in-need, it has to do with it. I cannot see how I came here without seeing all this first; nor do I think you could understand the end of the tale without hearing the beginning. If she had been hard to win, and exacting and proud to me, I can't say but I might have been a better man. She should," he says, with a choking in his throat, "she should have made me toil for her and wait for her, in the old Jacob and Rachel way; but as it was, she gave me her love as freely and generously as the sun gives its light to the sea. We never had a word, she and I—never a hasty word betwixt us—from the first time I saw her till the last."

"There," says Joshua, beginning to laugh, "you didn't expect to hear an essay on love in—Islands, did you?"

"I wish I had heard it before, brother Izee," I answered him; "it's as good as a book to listen to you."

He went on.

"We were married. It never occurred to me that we were very poor, and I am sure it didn't trouble 'Lizbeth; we had enough to eat and drink, and to give to those in want who came to our door; but, none the less, our poverty, it seems, was a scandal and a grief to the neighborhood."

"I determined to seek for some better berth."

"And we parted," said Joshua; "parted—Oh, my God! was it never again to meet?"

And Joshua got up and left my side, and wandered by himself in amongst the strange tall trees.

And now a thing happened which interrupted Joshua's story.

The sound I heard was a footstep.

The quiet, stealthy footsteps close to me—very close.

Suddenly Joshua roused himself and came towards me, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

Again the steps went quickly to one side, and I looked again, and saw nothing.

I said nothing to Joshua, but took hold of his arm, and it was as if my hand had spoken, for he understood. His face turned pale, but he looked on forward with me, with keen courageous eyes.

PART V.

We had stood so for several minutes without seeing anything to alarm us.

We soon heard the stealthy footsteps again.

I got up and went to it, my knife in my hand.

I had no sooner got close to it than I heard a strange cry, and something sprang at me.

Joshua says I gave a cry too, and did not say a word to him for five minutes, but sat on the ground hugging a little

grey monkey and listening to his yells and squeaks as if I understood all he was saying to me.

And so I did, my poor little "Friar of Orders Grey." I understood how he had suffered through having known and learnt to depend on such a selfish animal as man.

"I see—I see!" says Joshua. "Poor little chap! Associating with the superior race hasn't done much good to you."

"And in my travels," said I, "I have seen better creatures than Friar bear witness to the same fact."

Turning his back on Joshua, he chattered to me for some time; but I learnt more from the expression of his poor bloodshot eyes than from his chattering mouth.

Joshua went on with his story. At first he had to stop several times through Friar showing great fright at the sound of his voice; but presently he grew used to it, and slept peacefully while the governor talked.

Now it seems there had been in the Wrexham harbor a schooner that had been the cause of no little gossip among the old women in men's cloths that hang about the water-side and do nothing but look out for a bit of mischief, and pounce upon it when they find it as on a bit of gold or silver. Yet apparently, there was little about this to set their tongues going; but go their tongues did. It was the *Zebra*, bound for—; and the captain and owner was a friend of Joshua Vandereck's, and it was whispered that he did not intend carrying on his trading on this voyage in an altogether fair and aboveboard sort of way.

It had been delayed in the harbor on account of the captain's illness; and Joshua, when he went to see him, had thought his state so bad that he had often tried to persuade him to put the command of the vessel in other hands. But, no; Captain Garland—that was his name—was obstinate, and seemed to think he might as well give up the voyage altogether as trust the command of the *Zebra* out of his own hands.

It seemed that 12 years before then, Garland, when a third mate aboard a ship passing these islands, had gone ashore on one of them to shoot, and had discovered, or fancied he had discovered, a way of realising enormous wealth.

He had met a native—no other than the scholar who had interpreted for Joshua,—with whom he had had a good deal of talk, and who had invited him to come again.

"It seems," says Garland to Joshua, speaking of this chap, "that some Christian had taught him to call every man 'brother,' but, at the same time, to be as wary of him as of Satan himself. The captain allowed me to make several visits, as I always took care to return on board with a present sufficient to please him, though not to excite his curiosity or surprise."

Garland then laid before Joshua the notes he had made of his conversations with this fellow, and the things the natives would take in exchange for pearls, which were found in much abundance and only valued by them as ornaments. They had evidently, he said, never heard that Europeans set any store by them—the same of ivory and of silver in the native state. There was a great deal, too, in Garland's papers about some very valuable mine; and this Joshua seemed to think the most promising of any.

"Well," says Joshua, "the long and the short of it is, sitting there opposite that man with his shaking hands, which seemed always trying to keep themselves free of Death's grasp, to clutch the coveted treasure which had been tempting them all these years, looking at the fire in his hollow eyes, and listening to his excited voice, I caught the island fever of him. I thought of my 'Lizbeth dressed like a duchess, and with a purse as full of gold as her heart is of charity. I thought of the grandeur of me—Josh Vandereck, the lazy good-for-naught, coming back a rich man to his native place. It seemed marvellous, and yet so easy."

"I yielded—I consented to go with him."

"Almost at the outset," says Joshua, "Garland made me, as I may say, acting commander, though it was not long before I was captain in every sense of the word."

"It's no use," poor Garland said once, when he was trying to think something out for me. 'It's no use, Vandereck, you must take it all into your own hands. I little thought to say that to any man about this ship and this voyage. Ah, how I have thought of it these ten long years!'"

Then Joshua told me how well they braved that storm, though Garland's crew were as surly a set as he had ever been thrown amongst.

He was successful at last, and found himself one morning going ashore on that island on which, it seemed, he was to remain his life through.

The rascally crew! Oh! if ever I come across one of them I'll make the world too hot for him. Joshua rows ashore several times, sees the natives, converses with our friend "Brother Wisacre," brings him specimens of the things he wishes to make exchanges for, and gets on so well his hopes grow and grow.

He has to make a three day's stay once far inland.

"I come at evening," says he, "happy and full of hope. I come to where I left my little boat. There it is, dancing in the sunlight. I here chattering among those behind me. I look, and see them all staring across the sea. I, too, stare across the sea. My ship! my ship! Where is she? Oh, that white speck! Shall I ever forget it? Shall I ever forget how I stood looking till my eyes seemed to turn blind in my head? Then the yells, the fury, of those greedy devils when they saw how all the fine things that had been promised them had disappeared! I stopped my ears and stared still, and never thought of them till they began to lay hands on me; and then, then a merciful Providence made me think of the fishing-net I had with me as one of the things to trade with. You know what that did; and there is all my story."

One morning I found myself unable to lift myself up from my bed of leaves in the cave, and Joshua crawled out by himself to fetch me some fresh water and to light a fire to cook some of our dried fish for breakfast.

He had been gone hardly two minutes when he came rushing back, seized hold of my shoulders, and dragged me up.

He dragged me out of the cave, into the bright morning

sunshine. I clung to him, and staggered along as best I could. I thought the natives were upon us, and I felt too weak and faint to help myself. I trusted to him like a baby.

He stood where I could lean my back against a rock. Then he pointed out across the shining waters. I looked where he pointed, and then I looked at him, and he looked at me. Then his eyes poured, and mine poured; and then, like two fools, we fell to shouting to one another, as if we had been miles asunder,—

"A sail! a sail! a sail!"

All the morning, afternoon and evening we hailed that ship, and signalled to her; and she took no more notice of us than did the sun in the heavens.

Well, when I woke fully it was a glorious day; a glare of blue over our heads, and as bright a sea as ever rolled. My starting up woke Joshua. He hardly gave me a look; he was an his feet in an instant, with his two broad hands raised to his eyes as a telescope.

Then he turned to me. I suppose, though I could not speak a word, my face somehow asked him all that I would ask; for he nodded. His eyes danced in water. He nodded and pointed with his thumb over his shoulder.

"Yes," says he in a voice gentle and low, like a woman's, "I can see the wings of our delivering angel still—further from us, but nigher land."

Joshua was the first to see a sight that made us break out shouting afresh—a little bright, smart boat, stranded high and dry, a yard or two from the cliff where our signal-fire was blazing.

I believe Joshua, by the way he seized hold of me, was for rushing to it and making off at once; but, as we turned the corner, between two cliffs, we dashed against—a man—or, I should say, he dashed against us.

"Hold hard there, strangers; gently, will yer?"

Joshua, in his delight at seeing another face, fell to laughing.

The man stared at us both, and then slowly dropped his pistol, saying to Joshua,—

"Well, you're a ticklish customer, anyhow. How long does that sort o' fit last you, now?"

"Only think of us, mate; we're alone here, poor shipwrecked sailors, and I was here four years—four years, mate—before he came, a prisoner to the savages creatures. And I've a wife at home that thinks me dead, a wife and two children."

The stranger leaned against the rock and stared at us. Then he took a long look all round, and said, as if to himself,—

"Wall, if you had been in the streets of New York, with one leg doubled up and one sleeve hanging loose, and a sheet o' verses in your hand, you'd have to sing uncommon well to make that story go down Seth Barnham's throat. But here," and he spat, and took another long stare round, "I don't know; it don't look just the sort of place for lying to be fashionable in. What! tickled again, friend?"

For Joshua had begun laughing, and shaking the American's hand.

"Oh! mate," says he, "you are so handsome."

"Wall," says the American, "that is curious, certainly. Hallo! what's the matter with him?"

For just then the strength that excitement had given me had gone again. I had fallen flat at their feet.

The American gave Joshua his flask of brandy, and I heard talking as they bent over me—heard them faintly, as if I were some great distance away.

I know that Joshua begged for us to go at once to the ship; he thought a change of clothes and a bed would alone cure me. I know that the other demurred.

"He may have some bad fever," I heard him say. "I must bring the surgeon over to look at him before I dare take him aboard."

Joshua made him help to carry me out of the sun, back to our cave, and saw him depart, half affectionately, half sulkily.

"Joshua Vandereck," I said, when he came and sat by my side, as I lay on my bed of leaves, "what if I have such an illness as he speaks of? What if they will not have me aboard?"

When I spoke about them not receiving me aboard, he quietly turned his head away from me.

He sat so long a time, and I knew that he thought, and that he suffered.

Suddenly he turned upon me, with bloodshot eyes,—

"I must go away in yon ship," he said. "I cannot help it, I must, I will!"

"That's it, mate," I said. "You must. You will. Thank God, you see it so!"

PART VI.

I SAID TO JOSHUA as he sat beside me in the cave,—

"Yes; and I mean you must go, though it may be you have to leave me here dying."

He looked at me hard. I nodded to him, and said,—

"Yes, it must be so; for her sake—for 'Lizbeth's sake."

"Mate," says Joshua, and he got up and seemed to swell like a bird that sees its cage door open, "don't look at me and speak to me like that—your talking so cuts me to the heart; but it cannot turn me. Call me a beast—an ungrateful beast—curse me; but I must go away in yon ship. I must—I must!"

And I held him, for he tried to break away from me; I held him while I told him all.

I told him in words, true, and sharp, and bare, and he shrank from me; and by the time I had finished he was away from me, standing in the entrance of the cave.

I had been alone for hours, and was stretching out my hand to feel for the water in the cocoanut shell that Joshua had placed beside me, when I felt the rough edge touching my lips, while my hand was still to the ground.

I drank and lay back, saying nothing.

"The boat's coming," said Joshua, quietly; "won't you sit up and look alive a bit and cheat the doctor?"

I tried, at his bidding, but fell back against his arm.

When I came to know anything again I knew that I was not lying on hard ground, and that Joshua and some gentlemen stood beside me. I looked past them and saw what

now remains to my memory as one of the most beautiful sights of my life.

It was a little, trim cabin window. Joshua says I pointed at it with my bony finger and blubbered like a child. I don't remember anything of that myself. I don't remember anything of that voyage but comfort and kindness—kindness from all the crew of that American ship, and kindness from all the crew of the English homeward bound that they put us in at —. I remember all that well enough; and my great pleasure, as I lay looking at Josh by the hour and thinking of his meeting with Elizabeth.

PART VII.

It was on a fine bright March morning, that one Joshua Vandereck and myself, present captain of the Rosabella, homeward bound, made our way into a little village on the —shire coast, called Eastweir.

They were singing in the chapel. He, Joshua, leaned his arm against the porch and his head on his arm, and, bending forwards, listened, with his eyes seeming to devour the sounds. They were bright, his eyes were, and his face was paler than I ever saw it in all our dangers. He gave a smile and shook his head as I looked at him.

The singing stopped, there was a rustling, a coming nigh of many feet, faces in the doorway. Joshua's feelings at the moment were almost more than he could overcome. He could not stand where he was; he could not turn away; he crept further in the porch, and sank down on the seat. I stood near him on the other side. I was sorely ashamed of us both before the tidy, trim chapel people.

The evening came on, and we sought out 'Lizbeth's' cottage.

"This is well," says Josh; "there's no light but the fire; it's too dark to tell faces. Who is that in the door?"

"Hush!" I said, and we stood back behind a line of fishing-nets, where we could see and hear.

Who was it at the door? Josh knew well enough it was the minister and Elizabeth taking leave of each other.

"Michael," says she, "you are one of those who seem to take light out of the house when they depart from it. Now do come to me again whenever you visit your sisters. Think of me as one of them, and do not pass me by. Have I your promise?"

Presently the minister rose, and Elizabeth held his arm till a person, who was evidently coming to meet him, reached the spot where they stood. Then she shook hands with him, and saw him take the arm of the man who had come up. As she dropped his hand, the minister fell upon her shoulder, and Elizabeth put her arm round him as if he had been a child, and kissed his forehead. Then they went their way and she came homewards, slowly, with her apron to her eyes.

She had no sooner come to the place where we stood behind the nets than the line, which had been strained and strained under Joshua's weight all this time, broke, and down go the nets (our screen), and there stands Elizabeth, face to face with us.

It is me she stares at and that first goes towards her.

"I should know that face," says she.

"If saints should know anything of sinners, you should," says I.

"Hector Browne!" she cries, holding out her hands.

"If you can speak that name and hold my hand at the same time, 'Lizbeth, England is still home to me."

She looked at me and laughed, as she shook my hand. I knew then all was well with you. Meantime, Josh was standing silent as the grave behind me. So, as she said, "Come, come in," I looked over my shoulder and answered—

"Thankee, 'Lizbeth, but my mate's a bit of a stranger in these parts, and—scarce knows where to go."

"And where should he go, then, if he is just from sea and a stranger?" asks she, looking at Josh through the dusk;

"where, but to the fireside of a sailor's widow? Bring him in, Hector. The likes of him were always welcome when my Josh was alive; and now that I have you to stand as master of the house a little while, I may surely have in who I like. Come, master, will you follow us?"

Josh bowed his head and followed us.

Joshua Vandereck followed us into 'Lizbeth's' cottage, and the room was nearly dark, and he went towards the fire and sat down in a large, old elbow-chair that used to be called his. He did this instantly and without thinking.

I felt a little afraid as to whether it would not startle her, and stood before him, in front of the fire, as she spoke to me.

"And what's had you all this time, Hector Browne?" says she.

"Have you kept away for the same reason that you went? Have you had no pity all these many months—these nine two years—for her that's watched for you?"

"'Lizbeth," I said, "she shall watch no more! Wait till you know all that I and my mate have gone through."

"This chap," I said, standing well in front of Joshua, as he hung down his head looking into the fire, "has been on an island long years a slave to a lot of savages. I found him there. We ran away from them together. We've gone through what would fill a hundred books. We cried at sight of English ground like babies born over again. We are going to find my mate's wife, 'Lizbeth. She thinks him dead; we are going to find her." And I drew her away from Josh, and spoke lower. "And my mate, he's getting afraid of finding her—afraid of how it will be with her when we do find her. She had heard that he was dead; she was a comely woman, and young. He has qualms, you see; and it's natural, 'Lizbeth. The faithfulest may be tempted sometimes. You, yourself, 'Lizbeth, you always said you'd never marry again; but I dare say even your mind's changed by this time."

"Not it, Hector," she said, moving about to spread some supper for us. And she went to the door to see if she could 'light on some boy to send for beer for us.

She came and stood between us two at the fire, as we sat, and looked at me and said:

"Do you never, as you come by a churchyard at dusk and pass by a grave of one you loved, do you never stop and

say 'Good night'? Now, I have my husband's grave forever at my door, and how can I help saying 'Good morning' and 'Good night' to him? I do it always. What does your friend suffer from? He seems in pain."

Josh was swaying as he bent down to the fire.

"I am very silly, Hector," says 'Lizbeth; "but I felt as I could hardly breathe away from the sea and him. It seems such company, you wouldn't believe. Now, I was quite ashamed of myself before the children on their last birthday. When I had dressed them and made them little presents, nothing would satisfy me but I must take them while they were clean—which, you know, they never last long—I must take them down to the water's side and stand there with them, just as if he could feel glad with me at their being so well-looking and tall for their age; and we picked up a wreath of seaweed, and called it father's present. The neighbors tell me I should teach 'em better; but why does it matter being silly if it gives us comfort?"

She looked down on his bent head, and I fancied another tear glittered in her eye.

"It will be a shock to her," she said presently; "but she will bear it."

I said "Do you think so, 'Lizbeth?"

She looked at me and nodded.

"Do you think *you* could?" I said.

"I could what?" asked 'Lizbeth.

"Bear a shock like she will have to bear."

"Yes, I think so," said 'Lizbeth; "but I don't know,"

she said, laying down her fork and putting both hands to her head, "it would seem as if the world were turning indeed."

"Ah! I see. I—I—will," muttered Josh.

"Try and tell us, 'Liz," I said, "how you would have us let it out to her, judging by your own feelings. Now, try and tell us."

She stood and thought a moment.

"I would prepare her," she said, presently, "as for some sorrow, because she would turn to God to help her to bear it; and, once in His presence, she could endure anything. When she is on her knees and says, 'Now, Lord, Thy will be done,' then let her know His will is not harsh, but gracious towards her; then let her know the truth, and tell her that joy should be taken from Him with a seemly meekness as well as sorrow."

"It's very strange," said she to me, "but, Hector, your friend reminds me of some one I once knew. It's foolish, and comes of living all alone with the children, I suppose; but I am as childish as they, and I have had my Josh before my eyes this last half-hour."

She had her eyes on Joshua as she spoke. I saw them look from his hair to his broad shoulder, to his hand and the marks on it, which seemed to send her glance darting to his face. Josh, as he felt them, lifted his head slowly and looked at her.

She whitened; she shrank away from him; she came to me, and caught hold of my arm with both her hands. She looked at me as if she would ask what it was that ailed her.

I took her hand and tried to keep it from shaking.

"Elizabeth," I said, "do you think this mate of mine like Joshua?"

"What are you doing to me?" she moaned out. "Hector, what are you doing to me to turn my brain like this?"

"Don't you remember saying, Liz, that the Almighty's will was not always hard?" I said to her. "Suppose, now, by any wonderful chance, such as we hear of sometimes, your Joshua was not dead; or, not going so far as that, suppose his body had been found, or news had come to hand that you ought to hear; say, that he had lived longer than you knew, and had been slaughtered by the savages, or at any rate, that there was something particular that you ought to hear; but you must get quiet first, or I would be afraid to tell you anything."

"Have you something *certain* to tell me—quite, quite certain?" she said, looking me through and through.

"I have, 'Lizbeth Vandereck," I said, "but not till you are quieter and stop trembling."

"You are right," said she, pressing her white lips together. "It is not seemly to take His will thus, be it what it may. You are right, force me to wait till I am still and my heart is quiet."

She put one arm to her side and, leaning on the table and chairs with the other as she went, crossed the room to where her Bible lay on the white cloth, with flowers before it, all as usual. She clasped her hands over it and closed her eyes, and stood so till she had ceased trembling. Then she opened the Bible at that page where Joshua's death was written down, kissed the line and raised her eyes—holier and brighter I never saw—and clasped her hands on her breast, and said in a clear voice:

"Thy will be done."

Then with a fainter voice—

"Now, Hector, I am ready."

I looked at Joshua. He rose. His form seemed to grow younger than I had ever seen it; his rags took a strange grace; his face was as bright as any bridegroom's.

He went to her. She turned her eyes upon him.

"My wife," said he, standing before her like a prince, so rich he felt in knowledge of her faithful love. "Your beggar has come back to you a beggar still."

She fell back a little, resting her hand against her Bible table and staring at him, while drops came out on her forehead and her eyes seemed ready to start from her head. Then she began to pant and lean back as if she would drop, shrinking from him so that he durst not approach her; and next looked to me, and moved her arms, and shrieked:

"Hector waken me! help me! I suffer nightmare—madness! What is this? Do you see? What is it stands here in my husband's form?"

"It is him, 'Lizbeth," I said. "It is Joshua."

"Joshua!" she repeated with a pale, wild look at me.

"Oh, Hector, God is great! but could He do this? Could He bring my lost one from his deep tomb? Joshua!"

"My wife!"

She clasped her hands and crouched before him, staring at his face. Then she went and laid a hand on each shoulder and looked at him and the changes that the years of

hardship had made in him, with the piteous, puzzled doubt of a child who sees its mother in new garments. She touched and wondered over his darkened hair and great beard; the foreign stone he had pierced and used as a button for his coat; then again she looked into his eyes, and was satisfied and smiled, and fell with her cheek against his and her arms round his neck; and, as if her faithful life cared not to flow further than this glad moment and this meeting, she swooned away.

It was very well for 'Lizbeth, when she came to herself, to rail in a sort of merry passion at the world for the misery it causes by driving folks asunder, as she and Joshua had been driven. It was all very well for her to say:

"Don't those who are happy together know better than their neighbors what's enough for 'em? And, ah, laws! it's few gets off as well as Josh and me, when they once begin to listen to what's expected of 'em. Suppose they *do* what's expected, five times out o' six, I'll warrant by the time they're done it, they've forgot, in trying to please the world, how to please each other and themselves. Then says your neighbors, 'How comfortable So-and-so is, they've got all as they should.' 'All!' says somebody, 'why, I don't believe they care a jot for each other;' or, 'I believe they're not so happy as somebody else that hasn't tried to please the world at all.'"

As I said, this was all very well for Liz to hold to, but for myself, I did not intend to go back to my wife a beggar.

It was different with Joshua Vandereck. He had it in his power to give happiness in ever look and every word. I felt to need much more than looks or words to show what I felt for Margaret. I felt to need to give her all the wishes of her gentle heart and clever little head, before I could expect her to know my love as Liz knew Joshua's.

And I was right in this, for I know now by her letters a change has come to her. She's no longer meek and patient in my absence, but says many little sharp things, by which I know that the comforts by which I have surrounded her have spoken for me, and she *does* wish for me back.

And I am homeward bound from the third prosperous voyage to our island in the very ship that Transome, 'Lizbeth's rich uncle, set us off in after Josh and I had told our story to him.

Vandereck is a rich man now. Liz goes dressed *beyond* what pleases her neighbors. My Margaret has all that her pretty, simple way make her "wish for," and I—well, I am homeward bound.

I have just read this journal to my wife, and close it with a hand that shakes with joy at the sight of her dear eyes looking at me as they never did before.

She wishes me to add one thing which I had not forgotten, but which I should not have written down here if she did not wish it so much.

It is that I was fortunate enough on my second voyage to be the means of saving the life of Captain Kennedy.

[THE END.]

MOURNFUL RELICS.

I SAW wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening, and went softly out, and wandered up and down, until I knew that she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We had some things laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they are relics that grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I have not dared look at them for a year, but I remember each article. There are two worn shoes, a little chip hat with part of the brim gone, some stockings, pants, a coat, two or three spoons, bits of broken crockery, a whip and several toys. Wife, poor thing, goes to that drawer every day of her life and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles, but I dare not go!

Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. He was such a burst of sunshine into our lives that his going away has been like covering our everyday existence with a pall. Sometimes, when we sit alone in the evening, I writing and she sewing, a child on the street will call out as our boy used to, and we will both start up with beating hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burthen than ever.

It is so still and quiet now. I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shout and his ringing laugh, but there is no sound. There is no one to climb over my knees, no one to search my pockets and tease for presents, and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down or ropes tied to the door-knobs.

I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulder; to lose my axe; to follow me to the gate when I go, and be there to meet me when I come; to call "good-night" from the crib, now empty. And wife, she misses him still more; there are no little feet to wash; no prayers to say; no voice teasing for lumps of sugar or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life, almost, to awake at midnight and look across to the crib and see our boy there as he used to be.

So, we preserve our relics, and when we are dead we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.

"HOW SHALL WE SUPPRESS TARDINESS?"—Be punctual yourself. Be in your school-room at half past eight o'clock, and dismiss promptly at four. Don't teach after four o'clock, or wear yourself out to please a few *pet* scholars, and gain a little *cheap* popularity.

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THE subscription price of the NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL is \$2.50 per year, invariably in advance. We stop all papers when the time for which they have been paid for expires.

It is but a few years since the question of "the bible in our schools" absorbed public attention. Having discussed it with violence at first, and with moderation afterward, and finally having tried the experiment of omitting the reading of the Scripture and prayer in some schools, it is generally conceded that our public school system has received no damage. But all do not think so. The question has been debated lately in the *Christian Union*, and Lyman Abbott there presented his views in two able articles.

It is plain, however, that the public will never go back to the plan again of having religious exercises in the schools. And for this reason, the practical concession on the part of those that should feel the most interest in maintaining such exercises, that they are not productive of the supposed benefit. This has been discussed at Teacher's Institutes very extensively. The universal testimony is that when these "religious exercises" have been appointed to take place 15 minutes before nine o'clock (and pupils were permitted to be absent without being marked for tardiness), that the habitually punctual attended, and not as one would suppose, the children of those who appear to value religion. We know one teacher who always had Catholic pupils present at the opening exercises, but rarely the children of the Protestant clergyman. These and similar results have caused the public to lose faith in the religious exercises of the school room.

People will observe and draw conclusions. Open two schools. One teacher is thorough and skillful; the other less so. The latter opens with religious exercises, the former, without. To whom will the religious people send their children.

The writer remembers seeing years ago the "General Training" and "Town Meetings" open with prayer. It struck him as a child, with a sense of unfitness. Whether right or wrong, our schools have become workshops—they are full of business, and it becomes impossible to make religious impressions there. The uppermost idea in the mind of the teacher is to push forward his classes.

It is not that the public has grown irreligious; it understands the situation a good deal better than it did once. It concludes that the parent who wishes his child to grow up with love to God and man, must so teach him himself, and not depend on the public to do it.

We believe that many of our teachers would derive a solid benefit by using the hygienic agencies—air, light and water.

It is the common idea that water is beneficial simply for cleansing, but from a long experience, we can speak of it as (applied in a scientific way) a curative agent of very great value. We have used the baths of Dr. Angell with decided benefit; and believe they may be suited to every constitution by advising with him. We therefore print his letter to Mr. Southerland with pleasure.

61 Lexington Ave., March 1, 1875.

B. D. L. Southerland, Esq., President of the Public School Teacher's Association.

Dear Sir—It has been suggested to me by a member of your Association that many of the teachers in the public schools of New York would avail themselves of the advantages of hot air bathing if the cost of this health giving luxury were not quite so heavy a drain upon their purses. Believing it of the utmost importance that those who are engaged in the responsible work of training the young should have correct ideas of hygiene, of which so many are lamentably ignorant, and should enjoy every facility for deriving the full benefit from the most valuable hygienic appliances at the most moderate cost. It affords me pleasure to say that in accordance with my general practice in such cases, I shall be pleased to give at my establishment, at the corner of Lexington Avenue and 25th Street, Turkish, Roman, and Electric baths, and *Passive Exercises* to the school teachers of New York City at one third less than the usual price.

Very respectfully,

E. C. Angell, M.D.

THERE is a good deal that has been said that is forgotten. Lord Bacon has advised us about Reading. Every teacher must have many times regretted that a boy had learned to read at all; or perhaps that he would spend his time so vainly over the very dirt of the press. Thousands read now with no desire to know; it is done to prevent their thinking. The time hangs heavily and so they read. The effects of this reading on the memory and other mental powers is very apparent. A thousand of young people are ruined intellectually—because they read books as we read the morning newspapers.

We have received an interesting letter from Mrs. A. L. Cook, who intends to visit Europe next summer with a class of ladies. It will be gratifying to those who think of going abroad, to know that Mrs. Cook is a lady of culture, and competent to undertake such a mission. Inquiries addressed to her (see advertisement) will meet with prompt response. Rev. W. F. Morgan and other friends are pleased with her plans, and we, with them, trust she will have a large class.

We have been blamed by the teachers of this city, because the JOURNAL failed to reach them on Friday of each week. Let us state two facts. Miss Cooley of Gram. School 45 informed us on Saturday that she did not receive her paper until the following Tuesday, or Wednesday. Mr. C. F. Olney, during the same day informed us that he received his at his residence, nearly opposite the above school, regularly on Friday noon. Now, it is either the postman or janitor that is to blame. We have asked Mr. James' attention to the matter, and would suggest the teachers to "interview" the janitor if there is delay.

In the last JOURNAL appeared a dialogue entitled, "Do Animals think?" It has been pretty thoroughly read by this time, and we desire to say it was placed in our hands by John W. Saxon. His long silence will be thus explained. The incubation of a dialogue of the dimensions this has requires time. We should have forgotten (his letter got mislaid) that John had gone into play-writing, had not a principal the other day said, "why, that's Saxon's work."

A PAPER of wide circulation contains the following:

THE NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL, now entering upon its seventh year, shows by its enlarged pages and clear type, that New York has produced a first-class educational weekly. It has passed under the editorial care of Amos M. Kellogg, J. W. Merrill and Wm. L. Stone, who are ably backed up by such contributors as Superintendent Kiddle, President Hunter, Professor J. Dorman Steele, N. A. Calkins, A. D. Mayo, Superintendent Packard, and other progressive teachers. Subscription, \$2.50 per annum. 16 pp. quarto.

THE prospectus of the *Brooklyn Journal of Education* has reached us. It is to be edited by John T. Culyer, who will doubtless manage it with ability. It proposes as its objects, education, science and art.

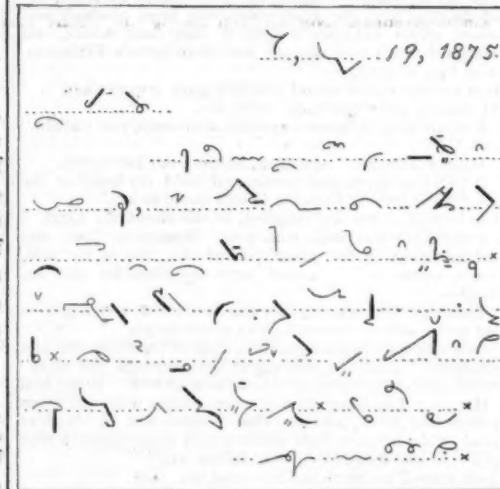
WE have received the Annual Report of the City Superintendent of Schools for this city. We shall, in a succeeding number of the JOURNAL present portions of this valuable paper to our readers. Mr. Kiddle has our thanks for it.

SCHOOL No. 24.—ELM STREET.

GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.

A FEW months ago the Board of Education placed Phonography among some special branches to be taught in the highest grade of any public grammar school, at the option of the local trustees. A class in that study was organized in the female department of School No. 24, by Miss McCosker, the principal, with Mrs. E. B. Burns as teacher.

Below is a fac-simile of a business letter lately assigned to this class as an exercise. A translation is given after the cut. The exercise was designed especially to illustrate the principles of phrase writing and the use of some contractions which are employed in ordinary phonographic correspondence. The words which are phrased in the cut—that is, written connectedly without raising the pen, so as to form but one outline—are in the type-key connected by hyphens. The representation of a word by proximity is shown by the typic word being enclosed in parenthesis. Where needful, proper names are particularized by two short dashes underneath the phonographic outline of the word.



NEW YORK, February 19th, 1875.

Mr. John Benson:

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Martin will go (to) Boston on next Wednesday, and I shall be glad (to) make some arrangement by which he can meet Mr. Bowen at your office on Tremont street. I expect (to) be able (to) pay you the bill now due in a few days. Most of the goods which arrived by the Erie railroad on last Monday have been shipped by the way-of Fall River. Please answer soon.

Yours truly,

SAMPSON LESTER.

It has been a chief aim with those who have had the direction of this class to make the instruction practical, and available for use as soon as possible.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 61.

In everything that constitutes a first class institution, of its kind, Grammar School No. 61 is unsurpassed. According to the scale of comparison furnished by the semi-annual testimonials, it outranks all others of its class in New York city. At the last semi-annual presentation, about one-third of its pupils received testimonials, while I am told that the largest proportion of any other was only about one quarter. Besides, the ratio of excellence in order to receive the testimonial is in No. 61, 95 per cent., while in most others it is but 90 per cent., and in some lower still.

Now this is an honor, not only to Mr. Moore and the assistants who have labored unweariedly for such high rank, but also to the pupils themselves.

It evinces an unusual degree of diligence and faithfulness among the scholars, a type of both ability and integrity highly creditable to them and their families.

These testimonials take note of three things, punctual attendance, accurate scholarship and correct deportment, elements which, when thus largely combined in any individual, cannot fail of constituting a superior character.

While sitting among these pupils on their recent testimonial day, I noticed that they exhibited precisely these qualities for which they were rewarded. The number absent was surprisingly small, considering the whole number of names on the list, and also the state of the streets, the weather, and of health, among us.

Accuracy of scholarship was emphatically evinced in the distinct enunciation of the readers and declaimers, in the excellent chapel singing, and in the precision of every proceeding among the pupils; while correct deportment was the chief feature of the occasion. IRVING L. BERMAN.

GEORGE T. TRIMBLE ASSOCIATION.

OLD PUBLIC SCHOOL, NO. 7.

THE seventh annual re-union and dinner of this organization took place on the evening of Feb. 16th at Seighorner's, No. 9 Lafayette place, New York. The members are the pupils of the Old School in Chrystie street, which some of the "boys" attended thirty and some forty years ago in the "Sand Class." Lawyers, physicians, clergymen, one or two members of Congress and one Governor of one of our States (Iowa), have originally come from this school.

About fifty of them were assembled to do justice to the tempting viands. The music by the band commenced to play at half-past seven o'clock. In the absence of Daniel Slote, the president, Mr. Nathan P. Beers, the First Vice-President, and former teacher, took the chair at the festive board.

After the cloth was removed toasts, speeches, wit, humor and many a long-forgotten reminiscence and school adventure was re-told with a gusto, making the dining hall to ring with the merry laughter. A letter was read from the secretary of the George T. Trimble Association of the Pacific, located in the City of San Francisco, Cal., with kindly greetings. Not the least among the literary pabulum was the following, entitled: New Blossoms on Old Linden, by Geo. W. Everett.

In Chrystie street, long years ago,
Old Number Seven's boys, well know,
Tho' sent, we did not always go,
Where learning was most rapidly.

Where we learned to read and write,
And o'er our books from morn till night,
Excepting when there was a fight,
And eyes made flow most tearfully.

The writing class, it was no treat,
With pens and paper, sheet by sheet,
The ink it flowed not very neat,
For blots were made repeatedly.

How oft a voice, we hear no more,
Has sent us to the north room door,
And at the desk, been marked before,
We left for that locality.

Then we would see another sight,
When that rattle flew left and right,
Its blows they came, not very light,
Such was the stern reality.

Tho' years have gone, and changes come,
And all life's lessons nearly done,
How glad we are to meet each one
That joins this night's hilarity.

Geo. W. EVERETT.

Hon. Orestes Cleveland responded to the toast (Aunt Sarah) Bunker, who has been principal of the female department of the school from its first organization. Mr. F. C. Wagner, the president of the Old Boys' Association of old Public School No. 14, delivered an impressive address, and Ward St. John of Brooklyn said there are comparatively but few occasions that occur annually which have connected with them so many reminiscences and childish memories that extend over a period of thirty years, and the demise of the ex-President during the past year must remind us all that it cannot be many years hence, when the last plate will appear at our festive board, as our ranks are already depleted by some absent ones. Then, boys, let us cherish these fond memories, and be prepared to take an active part in them, as often as they occur, there can be, for surely no period in the course of our lives, more harmonious with the ideals, the fancies, the longings and the tender cheerfulness that possessed our hearts "when you and I were boys." We should all of us keep green and fresh the memory of youth and love. Its pure story can be so delicately told, its universal types of character are so brilliantly contrasted, its threads of playfulness, humor, deep emotion and ridiculous eccentricity, are so smoothly tangled, and the old sports, pastimes, amusements and conversations are so crisp, and so merrily sparkle and ripple along over the river of our young life, and the frail young barque as it then navi-

gated the unknown stream, that the recollections of the young navigator are of the most pleasant character, and the sweet influences and noble childish spirit deeply touches the heart of our manhood, and lifts up the mind that we may again lift up the curtain and peer through the dim vista of years ago, and we may for the time being, again live it over, and really feel its beauty by looking at it through gentle laughter, and gentler tears, that you may afterwards often recur to it with gratitude and a proud joy—in the future boys, may you all live many years to enjoy the annual reunions of the Geo. T. Trimble Association. Ralph W. Kenyon, also of Brooklyn, delivered an address, in which he urged his fellow classmates to do their whole duty as citizens in the commonwealth, and see to it the present existing public school system is perpetuated unimpaired. J. Frank Wright, the present principal of the male department of the old school spoke, and closed his remarks by starting the following unique song in which all joined:

We'll raise a song both long and loud
In honor of this festive crowd;
Through No. 7 we all did pass,
We started in the Old Sand Class.
For we belong to Kirby's band;
We're one to night, both heart and hand;
For we belong to Kirby's band,
We're on our journey home.

Here's Uncle John, Ex-President,
Through that Old Sand Class straight he went.
There's Lon. and Dan, and Henry Slote,
They paddled in the same old boat.
For they belong to Ketchum's band, etc.

Lon. ran for learning like a fox,
Behold his polished knowledge box!
And Kelo, late of the police,
Was taught by Ketchum rogues to fleece.
For he belongs, etc.

Here honored Cleveland made a start,
'Twas here he learned the statesman's art;
John Anderson from Scotia came,
To swell our Alma Mater's fame.
For they belong, etc.

Here St. John began to scrawl,
And Ketchum sometimes made him squall;
Here Bristow first began his tricks,
His music then arose from sticks.
And they belong etc.

And both the Tookers, now so tall,
Here learned their A B C's to call;
And Bassett grew so very fat,
Because he learned his lessons pat.
And they belong, etc.

We've Earls and Kings some four or five,
We've Earls and Kings some four or five,
We've Earls and Kings some four or five,
These noblemen are here, alive,
And they belong, etc.

Here Walter Scott and Judson J.
Coolay, and Gantz and Lon. Boese,
And more big guns than I can count
Were in the ship with Captain Moust.
And all belong, etc.

Here's Beers and Bailey, Bloodgood, Frost,
Hull, Hart and Purdy, they're not lost;
We've Shuts and Schenck, Strong, Speaight and Stow,
To make things lively here below.
And they belong, etc.

There's Kellock, Kenyon, Gausman, Place,
Mullany, too, is in the race;
And Payson, Raynor, Robertson,
With Feno, Goldery, Hamilton,
And they belong, etc.

Bon, Conery, and Carpenter,
Davids and Gilmore make a stir;
Schwarzwalder, Woods, and Giles, also
Utter and Watkins make it go.
For they belong, etc.

Here's Rogers, Palmer, Willard too,
They show what Number Seven can do;
And fifty more—all men of fame,
Whom time will not permit to name.
O they belong, etc.

Aunt Sarah we must not forget!
Aunt Sarah we must not forget!
Aunt Sarah we must not forget!
God bless her! She remains there yet.
And she belongs to Ketchum's band,
Brave, honest heart and trusty hand;
And she belongs, etc.

From here to great Pacific's strand,
We now extend a brother's hand;
We greet each San Francisco boy,
And wish him bliss without alloy.
For they belong, etc.

Now let us drain a friendly glass,
Now let us drain a friendly glass,
Now let us drain a friendly glass,
In honor of the Old Ninth Class.
For we can beat old Gideon's band,
We're one to-night both heart and hand;
For we can beat old Gideon's band,
As we go marching home.

The officers of the association are Daniel Slote, President; N. P. Beers, Geo. F. Gantz and Jos. B. Hart, Vice-Presidents; Daniel D. Earle, Recording Secretary; Ward St. John, Corresponding Secretary, and Richard Hamilton, Treasurer.

The Executive Committee is composed of the following gentlemen: Chas. P. Rogers, Orestes Cleveland, James V. Shenck, John Henry Hull, Henry L. Slote, Bradford Willard and Joshua S. Cooley.

CAUGHT.—The picture on the first page tells its own story. Human smartness is too much for the smart fox. All have come to see the results of their strategy. Poor Reynard!

NEW YORK CITY NOTES.

I REGRET to say that it is quite beyond my ability to express my full appreciation of your charming and instructive paper. Its weekly pages present a feast of solid, entertaining and helpful variety. I would on no account be without it. I entertain no ordinary wish for your prosperity, and hold myself in cordial readiness to serve you in any way. PRINCIPAL G. S. No. —

LADIES who wish to find skillful seamstresses at \$1.50 per day, to come to their houses, may do so at the Training School, corner of Broadway and Forty-fifth street. Also the address of mothers who will be glad to have them take work to do at their own houses.

MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON will deliver her lecture, "A Woman's Opinion of It," in Steinway Hall, March 5.

A NUMBER of gentlemen, embracing William Cullen Bryant, Williams E. Dodge, and several of the alumni of Williams College, are about to present to that institution a bronze medallion of Ex-President Mark Hopkins.

In an editorial which appeared in the *Tribune* a short time since, the establishment of technical schools for instruction in the industrial arts was alluded to and warmly advocated. Since reading that article, we describe one opened by the house of R. Hoe & Co., well known for the invention of the wonderful Hoe cylinder press, a year or more ago. There is a recitation room fitted up with all modern improvements, is a portion of the large, airy room in the upper floor of their new business house, No. 504 Grand street. The course of study embraces arithmetic, algebra, geometry, reading, writing, drawing, the ten science primers and overmain mechanics. The classes in these various departments recite once a week, the recitations being one hour and a half long. The lessons given are long, but the apprentices have ample time out of work hours not only to prepare them, but to reflect upon and study their practical applications. All the apprentices, numbering upwards of one hundred, are obliged to go through this course of study, and as the term of apprenticeship ranges from five to seven years, they have time to become proficient in every branch taught, so that when their apprenticeship is over they have a thorough English and technical education, so far as mechanics is concerned.

The public school system of discipline has been introduced, with great success.

The scholars in the school are earnest and enthusiastic in their studies. The neatness and skill evinced in their copy books, their mechanical drawings and the working out of their mathematical problems are equally gratifying to their teachers and employers.

THE following officers of the Male Principals' Association were elected at the last regular meeting held at Grammar School No. 35, on Thursday, Feb. 24th: President, LaFayette Olney, G. S. No. 14; Vice-President, George H. Albro, G. S. No. 63; Secretary, Frederick W. James, G. S. No. 51; Treasurer, J. Elias Whitehead, G. S. No. 38.

THE NEW YORK BOARD OF EDUCATION.

THE Commissioners met March 3. Present—Neilson, Baker, Farr, Fuller, Halsted, Herring, Jenkins, Kelly, Klamroth, Lewis, Man, Townsend, Traud, West, Wetmore, Seligman, Vermilye, Mathewson and Patterson.

Commissioner Herring moved to correct the minutes referring to the communication of minority of Trustees of Fifth Ward—after the debate this was negatived.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM TRUSTEES.

The Trustees of the Eleventh Ward apply for a substitute in place of Mrs. Nancy Vaughn, V. P. of P. S. No. 3—salary of said substitute to be paid by Mrs. Vaughn. To Teachers.

The Trustees of the Twelfth Ward apply for an additional teacher in G. S. No. 37. To Teachers.

The Trustees of the Thirteenth Ward ask that Miss Fanny S. Keyser of P. D. G. S. 4, Miss Isabella Campbell of P. D. 20 and Miss Emeline F. Garvie Assistant F. D. G. 4, be paid amounts deducted for various reasons. To Teachers.

The Trustees of the 17th Ward ask for leave of absence for Miss Mary Wilson, G. S. 19. To Teachers.

From Trustees of 23d Ward nominating Miss Charlotte E. Stearns for V.-P. of G. S. No. 61. To Teachers.

From Trustees of 20th Ward to purchase carpet for platform of G. S. 33. To School Furniture.

From Trustees of same Ward for new writing desks for G. D. 32. To Furniture.

From Trustees of 15th Ward asking for a new piano for P. D. in G. S. 35. To Furniture.

From Trustees of 12th Ward to advertise for furniture for school in 128th street. To Furniture.

From Trustees of same Ward in relative to the pianos [out of order] in several schools. To Furniture.

Continued on Page 156.

Book Notices,

THE ART OF READING MUSIC. A new method by Mrs. Laura B. Humphreys. Published by J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., New York.

We have an unusual interest in teaching children music, and have therefore read this volume carefully. It is not a singing book, it is a text book for learning music, to read music at sight.

Music may be compared to a lofty mountain hitherto almost inaccessible, from the summit of which the most beautiful landscape could be seen, such as would animate all beholders with the grandest and most elevated inspiration. Some few persons possessed of almost superhuman nerve and strength, by the aid of slender cords and supports are enabled to reach its summit, while the weaker and less athletic stand despondent at its base, hopeless of ever beholding the prospect spread before the vision of the more favored. Supply to the weaker aspirants a simple stairway with convenient resting-places, then all but the physically disqualified may be enabled to ascend with as much, if not greater ease than did those who have mounted by their superior individual ability.

The difficulties to be mastered are presented one at a time, each being a separate study. We believe the work is a most valuable addition to the means for learning music.

SCHOOL CHIMES. By James B. Murray. Published by S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland.

This book opens with a well considered method of teaching music, in fact the whole book is designed to teach music and will do so, in the hands of a good teacher. It begins with very simple elements and gradually enters on the beautiful songs in the latter part of the work. We have derived much pleasure in looking over the charming melodies and think every lover of music will agree with us in recommending them.

BARTHOLOMEW'S DRAWING BOOKS. Published by Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co., New York.

We have for several weeks intended to record our satisfaction with this series of books. The whole subject yet lies in a mist before the American public. There is a prevalent idea that it is difficult to learn and in fact beyond the ordinary capacity. More than this there is a total ignorance of its value. It is believed to be useful as a pastime. In fact drawing, wax-work, oil-painting are put down in many schools as accomplishments, so that real drawing has a low place in the estimation of most people. They would not compare it at all with arithmetic for example.

It is for this reason that we welcome a series of drawing books fitted for the common school-room as these of Mr. Bartholomew's are. They are simple in method, progressive in plan, and elegant in design.

OUTLINES OF ASTRONOMY. By Arthur Searle, A. M. 12mo., pp. 412. Boston: Ginn Bros.

The author of this work occupies a post in the Observatory of Harvard College. He is an ardent advocate of practical astronomy, and attaches but little importance to any knowledge of the science that can be obtained from the study of books. He would have the student go hard to work and see for himself, and explore the stars with reference to scientific results. We give this volume a high rank, because the learning of technical terms by boys is no study of astronomy, it is a study of any new terms, and useful enough in that way. It may be compared with other books and found "dry"—but it is solid, and exact, and well written. We would not put it into the hands of a boy who had not mastered his geometry, for astronomy is essentially based on mathematics. It is for young men of maturity of thought, and they will derive benefit and satisfaction from its study.

BOUNDARIES OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK. This is the title of the report made by the Regents of the University of the State of New York to the Legislature. We shall present some interesting matter from this volume in future numbers of the JOURNAL.

REPORT OF THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY TO THE LEGISLATURE FOR 1874. This is a large volume, and contains a large amount of valuable statistical matter concerning the

colleges and academies of the State. It also contains the proceedings and papers of the Tenth University Convocation; also the "Annals of Public Education in the State of New York," prepared by D. J. Pratt, Esq.

PLANE AND SPHERICAL TRIGONOMETRY. By C. F. R. Bellows, Prof. of Mathematics in the Michigan State Normal School. Sheldon & Co., New York.

This is one of the valuable "Olney Series of Mathematics." We have examined the volume and find it is carefully prepared and worthy of a place in every high school. There is no opportunity for extended novelty in a work on practical mathematics, yet there is always need of a lucid arrangement of topics and a clear statement of facts, in both of which particulars this volume excels.

EVENINGS AT HOME, published by Munaw & Walcott, at Orrville, Ohio. This is a very neat paper; the selections are made with care and taste.

SAINT NICHOLAS is a magazine fitted to make children wild with delight. We cannot, even at our age, lay down the beautiful illustrated volume without promising ourselves that it shall be resumed. Nor can it in any sense be injurious. It is interesting, amusing, and instructive, and contains things that purify and ennoble.

The February number of the *Indiana School Journal* contains the proceedings of the State Association at Indianapolis. It has a collection of news from various schools in the State, and is always welcome for this reason, and for its valuable general articles.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for January we have re-examined and call it a brilliant number. Longfellow's sonnet on "The Old Bridge at Florence," is very notable. Oliver Wendell Holmes contributes a manly and useful paper examining and approving Dr. Clarke's idea concerning sex in education.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE for week ending Feb. 13, has a very choice collection of poetry and miscellany.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co. will publish the fourth and last volume of Prof. Baird's *History of North American Birds*, early in March.

The next novels from Loring will be *In the Carmarque*, an exquisite picture of home-life in the south of France, by Emily Bowles; and *Mildred's Wedding*, by the author of Olive Varcoe.

BRET HARTE'S new volume of poems has for its title *Echoes from the Foot-Hills*.

It is said that 40,000 copies of Will Carleton's *Farm Ballads* have been sold.

The Harpers will publish Du Chailly's new book, *The Land of the Midnight Sun*, in the spring.

The Library of the British Museum purchased no less than 3,415 manuscripts last year. Among them was a curious treatise in French on the Holy Sacrament, composed by King Edward VI., of England, in 1549, and written in his own hand.

Mr. John H. Ingram's edition of the works of *Edgar Allen Poe*, with the new memoir, has been issued by the Messrs. Black of Edinburgh.

D. APPELTON & Co. will assume the publication in America of the *London Art Journal*, with the beginning of the new year, under the editorial charge of Mr. O. B. Bunce, the editor of *Appleton's Journal*. Engravings of American subjects will be introduced, and other features to make it more interesting to American readers.

REV. E. P. ROE'S *Barriers Burned Away* and *The Opening of a Chestnut Burr* have been illustrated and published in London.

A NEW edition of *Lady Green Satin and Her Maid Rosette* is announced by Porter & Coates, at the reduced price of \$1.50.

The Messrs. Scribner will publish an edition of Guizot's *History of France*, uniform with their Mommson, Curtius, and Frode.

"**JULIAN HAWTHORNE** once said to me" says a correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, "that his father had advised him to try to earn an honest living in any way, rather than be an author."

Nothing could be better than *St. Nicholas* for February. It bubbles over with good things for children. It is full of the finest literature, and ornaments every table it lies on, and improves every child that reads it.

THE Greville book is the sensation of the week. We learn that over a 1,000 copies of the English three-volume edition have already been sold in this country, the price being now reduced to \$15. Messrs. Appleton issued on Tuesday the complete "Greville Memoirs," in two neat 12mo volumes, at \$4.00; and Messrs. Scribner, who had understood there would be no other publication of them in this country, issued their pith, eliminating simply such parts as their capable editor, Mr. Stoddard, judged would be of no present or American interest, in the "Bric-a-Brac" series, on Thursday, at \$1.50. With this lively competition, the book is pretty sure to have a good run, and we rather suspect that the rival editions will help rather than hurt each other. The book is certainly one of the most fascinating lately placed on the market.

The Messrs. Osgood's elegant heliotype volume of Toschi's Engravings was in such demand before Christmas that the first edition was speedily exhausted. A new one is now ready and is likely to go almost as fast as the other, so beautiful "for all time" is the book.

WHAT A BOY! by Julia A. Willis. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) A story about the American boy of to-day; his peculiarities, his temptations, the faults of his education, and their disastrous results are set forth in a very interesting story. The authoress starts out with three questions, which she very ably illustrates, viz.: What shall we do with him? What will he do with himself? Who is to blame for the consequences?

OUR Cincinnati correspondent sends us word of two new enterprises of Wilson, Hinkle & Co. A very important work in educational literature will be a new life of Pestalozzi, the great Italian educational reformer, by Prof. Krusi, of the Oswego Normal School, who is the son of Pestalozzi's senior assistant. The other enterprise consists in combining "the maps of Miss Thalheimer's excellent historical books into an "Eclectic Historical Atlas," whose distinguishing feature will be the freshness of its data.

AN important book on "Teaching, its Ends and Means," by Professor Calderwood, of Edinburgh University, who is also chairman of the Edinburgh School Board, is nearly ready for publication at the Putnam's. Professor Calderwood belongs to the same school as Professors Blackie and Cairnes, and his little book follows the excellent type of their recent and popular books. It treats in several chapters of self-government, school discipline, instruction and the formation of character, and is very wholesome in tone, and most pleasant reading.

Mr. J. E. BABSON ("Tom Folio") is, we are sorry to learn from the *Literary World*, seriously ill at his home near Boston by reason of a recent severe hemorrhage. The publication of his collection of Steele's papers is delayed accordingly.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY, 1875. The readers of *Harper's Magazine* will be impressed with the new novelty and freshness, as well as with the importance of the topics treated in the February number of that popular monthly. Containing over 50 illustrations, in the variety of its reading matter it is to a corresponding degree rich and extensive.

We have always found something in this magazine that would suit our pages—something for the teacher, who would improve—something for one who aspired to be higher.

We have been carefully reading Dr. Holland's "Seven Oaks." It is one of the wonderful "tales of the time."

NEW BOOKS.

[The Editors recommend this list.]

"The Dorcas Club".....	price \$1.50
"His Two Wives".....	" 1.75
"Ballads of Beauty".....	" 3.50
"The Children's Voyage".....	" 2.50
"A Rebel's Recollections".....	" 1.50
"A History of Culture".....	" 1.50
"The Starling".....	" 1.50
"Many Lands, Many People".....	" 2.50
"The Little Flower Seekers".....	" 2.50
"The Winning Worker".....	" 1.25
"Dr. Oz's Experiment" (Verne).....	" 3.00
"Dress Reform".....	" 1.50

BOOKS RECEIVED.

McGiffey's Sixth Reader (Wilson & Hinkle, Cincinnati)—Ray's Algebra, Part First (the same)—Stoddard's Mental Arithmetic (Sheldon & Co., New York)—Hart's Language Lessons for beginners—Westlake's 3,000 Practice Words—Hart's English Grammar—Shaw's English Literature and Reader (Sheldon & Co., New York)—Teacher's Manual for Freehand Drawing (Jas. R. Osgood & Co.)

We have also received current numbers of the—Galaxy—Science of Health—Laws of Life—Christian Union—Christian Weekly—Harper's Weekly—Harper's Bazar—Herald of Health—Popular Science Monthly—Home Journal—Potter's American Monthly—Illustrated Weekly—The Nursery—Phrenological Journal—Lippincott's Magazine—Burns' Journal of Photography—American Educational Monthly—National Teachers Monthly.

Schools and College Directory.

ALBANY MEDICAL COLLEGE of Union University. For information address Dr. J. V. Lansing, Albany, N. Y.

BROWN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, and Academy of English Branches, 293 and 295 Fulton Street, Brooklyn. Established 20 years. Private Lessons in all Branches. Ladies Department separate. Practical Business Department. Students prepared for the Counting House, &c. Practical Surveying, &c.

CIVIL ENGINEERING SCHOOL, of Union College. Thorough course. Field Practice. Address Prof. C. Staley, Schenectady, N. Y.

COLLEGE FOR YOUNG LADIES, Bordentown, N. J. For catalogue, address Rev. J. H. Brakely, Ph. D.

ELOCUTION AND ORATORY, No. 1418 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. Class and private instruction. Send for catalogue and prospectus. J. W. Shoemaker, A. M., Principal.

HUNGERFORD COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE. Thorough preparation given for any College or Polytechnic School, or for West Point. Apply to A. B. WATKINS, Ph. D., Adams, N. Y.

LADIES' AND MISSES' TOUR OF EUROPE under favorable auspices. Address for particulars, Mrs. Cook, P. O. Box 2269, New York City.

MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE. W. S. Clark, President, Amherst, Mass. Send for catalogue.

MRS. J. T. BENEDICT'S BOARDING & DAY SCHOOL, No. 7 East 43d St. Fall Term commenced Oct. 1. For full particulars send for Circular.

NEW YORK HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE cor. 23d St. and Third Ave. Session begins Oct. 5, ending March 1. For announcements and information, address J. W. Dowling, M. D., Dean, 568 Fifth Ave.

NEW YORK CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, No. 5 East 14th St., near Fifth Ave. Brooklyn Branch, 103 to 105 Court Street. Open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Private and class instruction.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, No. 139 8th St. Thorough instruction given in Telegraphy.

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF PHONOGRAPHY, 33 Park Row. Eliza B. Burns, Principal. Pupils thoroughly taught. Teacher's course of lessons in Phonetics and Elementary Phonography, \$5.00.

PAINE'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, No. 62 Bowery, cor. Canal St. Branch, 1,975 Broadway. Instructions every day and evening.

PACKARD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, No. 308 Broadway. Individual instruction. Students can enter at any time. Call or send for circular. S. S. Packard & Co.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE, for both sexes, under the care of Friends. For catalogue address the President, Edward H. Magill, Swarthmore, Pa.

THOMPSON'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, No. 30 Fourth Ave. Telegraphy taught practically. Demand for operators.

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SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.

Obstruction of nasal passages, discharge falling into throat; sometimes profuse, watery, acid, or thick and tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid, offensive, etc. In other cases dryness, weak or inflamed eyes, ringing in ears, deafness, ulcerations, scabs from ulcers, voice altered, nasal twang, offensive breath, impaired smell and taste, etc. Few only of above symptoms likely to be present in any case at one time.

To cure—take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery earnestly, to correct the blood and system, which are always at fault, also to act specifically, as it does, upon the diseased glands and lining membrane of the nose and its communicating chambers. The more I see of this odious disease, the more positive is my belief that if we would make treatment perfectly successful in curing it, we must use constitutional treatment to act through the blood, as well as a soothing and healing local application. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, when used warm and applied with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, effects cures upon common sense, rational and scientific principles, by its mild, soothing and healing properties, to which the disease gradually yields, when the system has been put in perfect order by the use of the Golden Medical Discovery. This is the only perfectly safe, scientific and successful mode of acting upon and healing it.

Discovery, Catarrh Remedy and Douche are sold by dealers in medicines the world over.

COMBUSTION OF COAL.

COMBUSTION is a chemical process, consisting usually in a combination of one of the elements of our atmosphere (the oxygen) with the fuel. The main substance of fuel, especially when it is coal, is carbon, and the chemical equivalent of this, 12, combines with two chemical equivalents, 2x16, or 32 parts by weight of oxygen, which is equal to two and two-third parts of oxygen for every part of carbon. A pound of coal requires thus two and two-third pounds of oxygen for its perfect combustion; as now one pound of this gas under ordinary atmospheric pressure occupies a space of some 12 or 13 cubic feet, or two and two-third pounds of oxygen a space of 34 cubic feet, which in the air is diluted with four times this amount of nitrogen, it requires five times this quantity, or not less than some 170 cubic feet of fresh common air to furnish the oxygen required; it is therefore necessary to pass 170 cubic feet of air through the furnace grate in order to secure the perfect combustion of every pound of coal. If less air is passed, the combustion is retarded, while an excess of air cools the furnace.—*Scientific Press.*

DIPHTHERIA.

A RECENT number of the *Medical Record* contains the following paragraph from a foreign journal describing Myer's treatment of diphtheria, which is well recommended. "Even when the children are very young, and with infants under one year, he has them fed with small bits of ice, which are allowed to dissolve in the throat. In addition, he pours ice water on the tongue every few minutes. The ice should be very clean, and hence the artificial kind is the best. In very severe cases the external use of cold in the form of ice cravats is very suitable. It is also stated that under this treatment the fever generally yields, the membranes are thrown off, general infection of the system does not follow, and the disease rarely extends into the larynx."

Dr. Myer also recommends the use of tepid baths. When the full bath cannot be conveniently administered, the wet-sheet-pack, or tepid sponging may be frequently employed. When the disease is somewhat protracted, so that the breath becomes offensive from the decomposition of the false membranes, antiseptic gargles, composed of very weak solutions of common salt or permanganate of potash may be advantageously employed. Careful attention should be paid to keeping the extremities warm. Diet should be simple but nourishing. During a recent epidemic of diphtheria in Brooklyn, Dr. O. T. Lines, of that city, treated one hundred cases in the manner described above without losing a single patient, although the city reports showed an average mortality of 40 per cent. of those treated in the ordinary way.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PHONOGRAPHY, Burns & Co., 33 Park Row, N. Y. Subscription \$1.50 per year.

A monthly periodical, devoted solely to the interests of shorthand, which has appeared regularly for three years, and begins its fourth volume with vigor, is worthy of note. But Mrs. Burns is in earnest in her voluntary work of making Phonic shorthand popular and introducing it into the public schools.

The February number contains six pages of handsomely engraved Phonography, and some valuable statistics relating to shorthand business.

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This Work should be placed in every School, side by side with the Dictionary, and used constantly as a work of reference by both Teacher and Pupil.

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The following article is from the pen of the well-known writer and prominent Minister, Rev. J. F. W. WARE, D.D., Pastor of Arlington St. Church, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Ware has been a regular paying subscriber at the Boston Agency of the Health-Lift Co. for three years, and is, therefore, qualified to speak, and has done so solely with the view of interesting others in what he found of great benefit. He was under no obligation to write, and did so unsolicited. His article appeared without the knowledge of any one interested. Those significant facts should give great weight to every word it contains.

THE HEALTH-LIFT.

I want to ask you to give room to a few words about the "Health-Lift."

In common with many others, I had heard vaguely of this thing, with the same sort of vague indifference or skepticism with which one almost always hears of new things. The chance word of a friend at the right moment—the word in season—followed by the prompt "Come with me now," led to the mysteries and the blessings of the "Lift."

Never shall I forget the sensations of my first lift and my introduction to parts of myself unknown or forgotten.

It sent a glow all over the body that was as luscious and cheery as any that have been told of by the Turkish bath enthusiasts, and then—I am afraid it may betray me—an exhilaration purer and more subtle and enduring than that of best champagne. My experience has been a record of many joys, joys that come of soothing and strengthening to a fagged brain, and a weary body, and a pestered soul. I take my lift before my late dinner, when the day's work is done. I carry to it whatever weariness the day has made—of body, of brain, of heart—and I go away another than the man I came. Head-ache, limb-ache, heart-ache are gone, or toned down to easy bearing, and a new counteractant vigor set at work in all the pulses. It seems to get behind the heart, and bolster that first seat of power and action. IT IS THE BEST OF REST.

The Health-Lift is the gradual, easy, complete waking up of every torpid molecule in brain, liver and blood, the sending through and possessing the entire man with a new sense, a re-creating him then and there, so that he turns from his few minutes at his Lift a new creation.

It rouses the universal lethargy of the body; it sends the stagnant blood to the places nature intended it for; routs it from its hiding, its loafing places, and sends it to its duties; it removes surplus fat or distributes it; it decreases the girth of men growing portly and increases the girth of the lungs of men growing hollow; it helps digestion, increases the power and endurance of the voice, and sets one up generally. These are things whereunto I individually bear witness. Others have their other say. As I walk from my lift into the air I feel as if I could carry Atlas—his load—without stooping; I feel life down to the uttermost filament of my lungs, the glory and the joy of mere being. I feel so perpendicular

as if I must be nadir and zenith to the universe. Amid all summer luxury and enjoyment I have felt the need of and have missed my daily lift.

If we were only doing about these bodies somewhat near what we ought to do, every community would have a lift-club and careful attendant. It should be a public institution as much as a school is. It would be to many a man an addition if not to the length of his days to the value of his life, would furnish him with sensations the like of which he has not had since he parted with the supple and the enterprise of boyhood. It will renew lost vigor better than voyage or nostrum; but the better work of it may be in keeping one from losing the vigor which at best is slowly regained, in pursuit of which so many lose the patience, perseverance and faith which are vital to recovery. The Lift works slowly, as all real benefices do, and its demand of you is patient perseverance.

It would be a great thing to have these "Lifts" attached to banks and buildings where many men are employed, who are burning life out at both ends; it would be a great step in political shrewdness to plant them next door to where young men do congregate, rather than the too eager and tempting saloons. Fathers would do well to send their growing boys and girls. Parishes would be wise if they made it a part of their duty to see that their minister took his "Lift," and paid his bill for it to boot, if he be not able fairly to do it himself. And as things go, it would not be a bad idea to attach a HEALTH-LIFT to the church appointments, kitchens and parlors to set up the social thing that a man is even in his religion; why not set the man up in the physical thing that he is, and that his religion needs him to be? A good lift of a Sunday morning before going to church would have a wonderful clearing influence. There would be less sleeping, less indifference, less fault-finding, better chance for real good all around. We should have men, women, ministers roused, wide-awake, alert, good-humored and making the best of themselves and of everybody else. There isn't a great deal of use in talking about worshipping in spirit, when the body is tormenting you with its apathy, and the only real incense you lay upon the altar is an indigestion. I believe in worship and all that, but my creed is not complete until I have written it—I believe in the *Health-Lift*.—Rev. J. F. W. WARE, D.D., of Boston, in *Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1875.

HEALTH-LIFT CO., 46 East 14th St., New York.

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The United States Life Insurance Co.

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Special attention given to heating and ventilating school houses and all buildings requiring thorough ventilation.

J. W. S. has recently completed the heating and ventilating of two of the largest and best school houses in the city of Cleveland, both of which have been pronounced a complete success by all who have examined them.

Refers, by permission, to the following:
W. G. WATKINSON, Esq., President of Board of Education.

F. BISHOP, } Building Committee,
J. C. DEWAR, }
W. E. SMITH, }

A. J. RICKOFF, Superintendent of Education,
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No. 306 Fourth Avenue, New-York.

Continued from Page 153.

From Trustees of 9th Ward asking for an appropriation of \$129 to repair heating apparatus. To Finance.

From Trustees of 7th Ward asking for payment of sundry bills. To Finance.

From Trustees of 12th Ward to advertise for proposals for heating apparatus for school building in 128th street. To Warming and Ventilation.

From Trustees of 11th Ward for improved heating apparatus. To same Committee.

From Trustees of 17th Ward asking for permission to rehire the premises occupied by P. S. No. 9. To Buildings.

From Trustees of 12th Ward asking that bookkeeping be introduced as a study in F. D., G. S. No. 37. To Course of Study.

From Trustees of the Seventh Ward, stating that G. S. No. 2 was closed, giving reasons (deficient heat) therefor, and asking that the action be approved by the Board. To By-laws.

REPORTS.

The Superintendent of Truancy sent in his report stating that he had held a meeting with his agents and pointed out their general duties, had prepared cards to go to each principal who by these means could report to the agents cases of absence that should require investigation. Sixteen cases had been investigated and three found to be habitual truants. He exhibits the rules he has adopted.

Wesley B. Church sent in a communication resigning his office as trustee.

The Committee on Teachers recommended the appointment of Miss Emily F. Hunt as V. P. of P. S. No. 5. Adopted.

The Committee on By-Laws sent in a report in reference to the charges against John A. Gilmour, Trustee Third Ward, stating that the charges against him were withdrawn. They were discharged from further consideration of the matter.

The Committee on Normal Schools sent in a resolution relative to award of medals and prizes.

Resolved, That hereafter no medals or prizes shall be accepted as awards for the students of the Normal College, except such as have been previously founded, or from such persons as granted prizes prior to the year 1873. Adopted.

The Joint Committee on By-Laws and Finance recommended the appointment of Peter H. Jones in the place of W. W. Williams, resigned—as truant agent. Adopted.

The Committee on Normal Schools reported the payment of bill of Calcium Light Company. Adopted.

The Committee on School Furniture ask an appropriation of \$200 to alter furniture in G. S. 53. To Finance.

The Committee on By Laws reported in respect to the will of the late James Kelley, the following resolution:

That the President of the Board be and is authorized to apply to the executors of the will of James Kelly for the sum of one thousand dollars bequeathed by him for the procuring of medals, and to have the same securely invested. Adopted.

The Finance Committee appropriated \$1,500 to Department of Natural Science in Normal College.

The Committee on Course of Study sent in a report that they had found no objectionable books in the list of supplies, and ask to be discharged. Adopted.

The Committee on Evening Schools recommend the payment of Miss McMahon, for services as substitute teacher. To Finance.

The Committee on Nautical School reported several rules and regulations for the school. Adopted.

The Committee on By-Laws reported, in relation to the will of Ephraim Holbrook (Mr. Holbrook died some years ago, leaving in his will \$250 for each ward school for books for a library). They recommended that the Trustees be notified that they should apply to Erastus C. Benedict and Frederick J. Betts, executors for the amount bequeathed. Adopted. The clerk to notify trustees.

The Committee on By Laws reported a resolution that section 44 subdivision 6 be amended by adding thereto the following:

Any teacher found guilty of a violation of the By-Laws of this Board in regard to corporal punishment, shall be liable to a penalty of forfeiture from his or her salary of not less than five or more than thirty days' pay, or dismission from school as in the discretion of the Committee on Teachers may be deemed just and proper, provided the action of the committee be approved by the Board of Education. Adopted.

The same Committee reported adversely to transferring Principal of G. S. 52 to G. S. 54, not having the power. Adopted.

A communication was received from Prof. J. Morvillier, requesting payment of salary due him for teaching French in one of the schools of the 22d Ward. To Committee on Teachers.

A communication was received from Mr. A. Villaroel,

asking that samples of text books, documents, etc., be sent to the International Exposition at Chili, in September, 1875. Same reference.

A communication was received from Wilson McDonald, of 896 Broadway, to exhibit his six models for teaching anatomy before the Board and to explain his method of teaching. To Course of Study.

A communication was received from Mr. Samuel Stern, 104 Orchard street, New York, saying that he was a citizen of German birth, that he deprecates any denunciation of the system of public schools, protests against the assaults made in a German newspaper against the President of the Board, because he had put certain gentlemen on certain committees, protests against the vituperations against Commissioners Herring, Patterson, Baker and West in said papers, considers the common schools as the nursery of a new generation, and the language a cement to form the children into one solid mass, desires it to be known that not all German citizen join in the assaults against said members. This was ordered on file. Adjourned.

JOSEPH LANCASTER MEMORIAL.

To the Principals and Teachers of Public Schools in the city of New York:

The cause of popular education throughout Great Britain and America, which received so great an impress from the labors and enthusiasm of Joseph Lancaster, is indebted to him for the opening of a new era in the humanitarian sympathies of civilized communities.

The influence of his labors is now, though unseen, still felt in the progress of the systems of education everywhere devised for the children of the masses; and although his specific methods are widely superseded by others more advanced, our obligations to him yet remain undiminished.

The undersigned, organized as the Lancaster Memorial Committee, have caused the remains of Mr. Lancaster, which were about being removed from the old burial-ground of the Society of Friends, in Houston street, to be conveyed to Greenwood Cemetery and deposited by the side of those of the late honored Assistant Superintendent of Common Schools, Samuel Waddington Seton. It is proposed to erect a plain but substantial monument to mark the spot where lie the remains of the founder of the monitorial system of education in England, on which our own was originally based, and as a recognition of his services to humanity.

As the teachers of New York honored themselves by erecting a monument to the memory of Samuel W. Seton, it seems fitting that on them should devolve the honor of placing a similar monument over the remains of Joseph Lancaster.

Principals will please remit to N. P. Beers, Principal No. 15.

Due acknowledgment will be made of the amounts received. N. P. BEERS, Secretary.

BROOKLYN.

A FEW evenings since the rooms of the Grammar Department of Primary School No. 24 were densely filled by a large and intelligent audience, brought together on invitation of the local committee, to witness the graduating exercises of the Academic class.

The halls were appropriately and very tastefully decorated. Suspended from the alcove in the rear of the platform were handsome baskets filled with flowers and evergreens. Garlands of ivy and smilax were arranged between, and on them hung fern like traceries, showing that woman's tact and delicacy had found employment superintending the decorations.

The principal of No. 24 is Mr. A. G. Merwin, whose abilities as a public instructor are acknowledged with appreciation not more fitting than deserved. He is ably assisted by Miss S. L. Stilson, a graduate of Vassar, whose writings possess merit of a high order.

The graduating class consisted of eight young ladies, whose names are as follows:—S. Emma Byrd, Tillie W. Corwin, Lydia Green, Julia F. Madigan, Jane McNeine, Tillie W. Osam, Hester M. Rogers, and Ida Smith.

Exercises commenced, precisely at 7.30 P.M. Among the distinguished persons present was his honor, J. W. Hunter, Mayor of the city; E. J. Whitlock, Esq., President of the Board of Education; Andrew B. Martin, Chairman; George C. Bennett, and James Hall, Esqs., members of the Local Committee, and many other noted persons.

The piano, a handsome instrument (Weber's make), recently purchased for the school and used for the first time on this occasion, was presided over by Mrs. L. Ashlers and Miss H. Laird, both of whom acquitted themselves in a manner deserving of praise.

The exercises were concluded by the presentation of diplomas to the graduating class by E. J. Whitlock, Esq.

Before handing the young ladies those prizes they had so faithfully earned, Mr. Whitlock made a short but impressive speech to all present.

Mr. H. B. Martin, Chairman of the Committee, followed with the statement that all possible to be done toward advancing his pupils in academic studies had been undertaken and accomplished by the principal, Mr. Merwin, to whose zeal and abilities the speaker paid a fine tribute.

He closed by calling on his honor Mayor Hunter, who responded, and in a short address recalled many pleasant recollections of the past, and concluded by assuring those present that an intelligent demand for school accommodation was always sure to be met by the city. Following the Mayor, the Rev. Mr. Hults, Rev. A. S. Walsh, and Counsellor Rogers appropriately addressed the meeting, which broke up shortly after ten o'clock.

THE RECEPTION AT THE BROOKLYN ORPHAN ASYLUM.

OUR reporter attended the reception given by the lady managers of this institution on Washington's Birth-day. The attendance was very large and all seemed to enjoy themselves to the fullest extent.

The entertainment consisted of singing (with orchestra band accompaniment) by the children, and the recitation of poems and other pieces. Refreshments were served in two of the larger rooms on the main floor, at a very moderate charge, for the convenience of visitors, the rooms being very tastefully and elegantly decorated for this purpose, and the tables being presided over by volunteer lady friends of the institution.

By the courtesy of Mrs. A. H. Cortelyou we were escorted over the building, and admired the perfection of the arrangements, they reflect great credit upon the lady managers.

Those of the children who are large enough to attend school, have every facility for pursuing their studies, and they are also taught vocal music gratis, by the well known music teacher Mr. D. P. Horton, and the boys have the benefit of a regular military drill once a week by Mr. Palmer.

The asylum at present contains 269 little ones of both sexes, and a better behaved and happier lot of little folks, it would be hard to find anywhere. The management consists of 100 ladies, representing the different churches in Brooklyn, prominent among whom may be mentioned the names of Mrs. J. B. Hutchinson, Mrs. Nesmith, Mrs. Brookman and Mrs. Rhodes.

The institution is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and to those who have means to bestow we would say, that they cannot find a more worthy or deserving charity than the Brooklyn Orphan Asylum.

DEATH OF ROBERT S. DAVIS.

THE publisher of a good school book contributes greatly to advance education; our eminent publishers occupy a commanding position; they benefit the world. It is with pain, therefore, that we announce the death of Robert S. Davis. The publications of the house of which he was an honored member have obtained a wide celebrity. "Greenleaf's Arithmetic" being a "household word." The house has been well represented here by Orlando Leach, Esq. We append the resolutions passed at a meeting of the publishers of Boston, held at Brewer & Tileston's, at which D. Brewer was chosen chairman, and W. H. Dennet, secretary.

A Committee on Resolutions was appointed, consisting of Dr. T. M. Brewer, Charles A. B. Shepard and S. T. Nichols, and after remarks by Messrs. Crocker, Dennet and others, the following resolutions were passed:

Whereas, It has pleased the Great Disposer of human events to take from among us another of our respected associates and fellow publishers, Robert S. Davis, for so many years well known and appreciated in this community, as an enterprising and successful publisher of educational works, and has, at His own good time, recalled him in the ripeness of his years, and in the full maturity of his work, from earthly responsibilities to other, and we trust, higher duties, therefore

Resolved, That we, the publishers of Boston, have heard with deep regret of the departure from among us of our former companion and friend, and that, while we may miss the intercourse that has so long and so pleasantly subsisted between the departed and ourselves, and while his death has created in our ranks a marked and important void, we recognize in this event a Father's hand; and, remembering that our departed friend has been permitted a long and prosperous life, and has been garnered like a ripened sheaf, we bow in submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of the deceased the sincere expression of our sympathy in their bereavement, knowing that He who has been pleased to take from them a beloved husband and father will be very nigh to them in their loneliness and will sustain them with a Father's arm.

Resolved, That we will close our several places of business during the hours devoted to the funeral services of our departed brother, and will consult the wishes of his family in regard to our attendance at the same.

Messrs. Dr. Brewer, J. L. Shorey, Wm. Lee and A. L. Graves were appointed a committee to attend the funeral.

THE *New York School Journal*, a weekly paper, illustrated, splendidly edited, beautiful stories; everything teacher wants. Only \$2.50 per year.

ANOTHER problem presented is, "How to subject the results of school instruction to examination tests, and not narrow and groove such instruction;" or in other words how to have periodical examinations without causing harmful special preparation for these examinations. The evil alluded to is forcibly presented by Mr. White in the language of a principal of a grammar school in a large city who said: "My success as a teacher is measured by the percentage of correct answers my pupils give to the series of questions submitted in the examinations for promotion to the high school. Whatever qualifications these tests call for, I must produce or fail. I cannot stop to inquire whether my instruction is right or wrong, I must prepare my wares for the market!" The remedies suggested are wide examination tests, examinations partly oral, questions that will test the pupil's knowledge of the subjects taught, results of examinations not to be used to compare schools and teachers, and the pupils standing not to be determined by one but by repeated examinations.

"BLOODE'S INK AND STAIN EXTRACTING PENCIL" offer a very convenient, sure and instantaneous means of removing ink and similar stains. Sold by stationers.

It gives us great pleasure to announce to such of our patrons and friends who are troubled with coughs or colds, that Miller's Cough Balsam, manufactured at 113 Maiden lane, this city, is the best and surest remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. We speak from experience.

THE Suez Canal is at present exciting a good deal of interest. It was built by France against the express wishes of Great Britain, who is now anxious to acquire possession of it, inasmuch as it is an her great "highway" to the East. France, Great Britain and the Khedive own, each, one-third of the shares, and Great Britain wants the Khedive to sell out; but he refuses. The canal, though it costs three or four millions a year for dredging and strengthening, is in a very unsatisfactory condition, and the receipts last year amounted to only six millions. It will yet require a great deal of deepening and strengthening, at enormous expense, before it can be rendered commodious, and it is surmised that in order to effect this object the canal may yet be transferred to an international commission, and made one of the neutral highways of the world.

DRAWINGS BY GUSTAVE DORÉ. The drawings in Indian ink made by Doré to illustrate Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" and Thomas Hood's "Poems," and which were engraved for the sumptuous editions of those poems published by Moxon were sold recently in London. The four drawings for "Elaine" sold for £45; five for "Enid," £36 5s.; four for "Guinevere," £28 10s.; four for "Vivien," £25 4s. Eight illustrations of "Hood's Poems," went for £59 5s. Doré is said to have been paid sixty guineas for each of the above drawings.

IMPROPER mode of dress are among the most important causes of the poor health so prevalent among women. Very much of this might be avoided by wearing a waist or corset, which is an efficient skirt-supporter, and which does not press down upon the stomach or abdomen. This is conveniently accomplished by Dr. Warner's Sanitary Corset, which is advertised elsewhere.

THE American Newspaper Advertising Agency of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., New York, is the only establishment of the kind in the United States which keeps itself persistently before the people by advertising in newspapers. They evidently receive their reward, for we have it from a reliable source that advertising orders issued by them for their customers have exceeded \$3,000 a day since the commencement of the year, and this is not a very good year for advertising either.

JOHN'S SHARE. "Dad," said a hopeful, spry, "how many fowls are there on the table?"

"Why," said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of finely roasted chickens that were smoking on the dinner table—"why, my son, there are two."

"Two!" replied the smartness, "there are three, sir, and I'll prove it."

"Well!" replied the old gentleman, who was a plain matter-of-fact man, and understood things as he saw them; "I'd like to see you prove that!"

"Easily done, sir—easily done! Ain't that one?" laying his knife on the first,

"Yes, that's certain," said dad.

"And ain't that two?" pointing to the second; "and don't one and two make three?"

"Really," said the father, turning to the old lady, who was in amazement at the immense learning of her son, "really, wife, this boy is a genius and deserves to be encouraged for it. Here, old lady, do you take one fowl, and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his learning."

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The ineffable tenderness of Christ's love for little children has ever been the theme of the mother's lullaby; and his example has been followed to this day, inasmuch as no man of heart can witness their joyous faces, and listen to the music of their song and laughter, without feeling such love for them, and recalling his own "sunny days of childhood."

Almost the yearning tenderness of the mother is felt by every beholder of joyous groups of children. Infant schools are always filled with music. The halo shed around the "Infant Jesus" has furnished the subject of the greatest number of valentine paintings in the world. Every mother believes that the smiles of sleeping infants come from angels.

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All of the Old Testament, and the major portion of the New, consist of prose translations of inspired and sublime poetry.—*Letter.*

Doves, lambs and children are always ranged together by sacred writers. "The Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world," says John the Baptist. Christ compared children with the lily as the purest flower. Children, lambs and lilies were in Christ's mind as emblems of purity. The Prophet says, "Unto us a child is born. The Evangelist says, 'The child Jesus.'"

I take upon myself the title of the "Children's Friend" because I love them, and believe that I can most truly prove my claim to that title by showing from the writings of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, that Jesus himself was the greatest and truest friend of children, that ever was upon earth. He knew their value and importance.

We must soon pass away. They must succeed us. Let us do all in our power to perfect their morals and religious belief. With such instruction they must become good citizens, and honor not only their parents and instructors, but also afterward inculcate the same principles in their posterity, "who will rise and call them blessed."

PUBLISHED BY ALBERT WELLES,
67 UNIVERSITY PLACE, NEW YORK.
24 WEST 16TH STREET,
NEW YORK, January 24, 1874.

TO ALBERT WELLES, Esq.
Dear Sir:—I have listened with pleasure to the "Life of Christ" as related in the verses which you have read to me. The versification is smooth and fluent, and in giving the words of Jesus, you have, in spite of the difficulty of the task, adhered quite closely to the text. Metre and rhyme have a strong attraction for children, many of whom will be drawn, by such a presentation of the Life of Christ as you have given, to read of Him, and to remember His teachings. Wishing you success in your endeavor to familiarize the rising generation at an early age, with His words, and the events of His life. I am, Sir, Respectfully yours,
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

TO ALBERT WELLES, Esq.
My dear Sir:—It is a pleasure to refer to the gratification I had in listening to your very beautiful poetic version of the "Life of the Saviour." It is a work much needed in families and Sunday Schools of the country, inasmuch as it is the only production of the kind which will satisfy the natural craving of children for instruction in a pleasing form.

It is calculated to lead directly to the study of the New Testament, and mothers and Sabbath School teachers, will have a valuable adjunct and assistant in this charming production, which is admirably adapted to the inquiring mind of youth, in sacred things, wholly divested of theology.

Your work is not only valuable for its extreme simplicity and beauty of rhythm, but also on account of its entire absence of sectarianism. There are no doctrines inculcated, and therefore your book will be equally useful to, and valued by, every denomination or religious sect.

Hoping that you may take measures for placing this effort of your genius in the hands of Christian mothers and Sunday School instructors. I have the honor to remain, Your friend and well wisher,
J. V. C. SMITH,
(Ex-Mayor of Boston)

No. 306 SECOND AVENUE, November 20, 1873.

Mr. Albert Welles has read to me a very good piece of versification. A narrative of the beginning and end of our Lord's career upon earth, with two or three of His miraculous works. I think it would be an addition to our apparatus of instruction for the young. It is easy, flowing in its rhythm, clear in its statement, and very literal in its imitation of the sacred text.

HOWARD CROSBY
(Chancellor of the University).
ROOMS OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
NEW YORK, October 22, 1873.

MR. ALBERT WELLES.
My dear Sir:—I have been much gratified by hearing read your poetical version of the "Life of Christ," which seems to me to have one special merit in harmony with a long recognized excellence of the Gospels themselves, namely, the plain, unadorned and straightforward simplicity of the style. The Evangelists evidently had one thing to do, to tell a true and honest story as simply as possible. You have put this narrative into smooth and flowing verse, and many a young reader, I've no doubt, will read it with delight and remember it well.

Very truly yours,
W. W. RAND.
No. 111 East 19th Street,
NEW YORK, Nov. 24, 1874.

ALBERT WELLES, Esq.
My dear Sir:—I have read with interest the verses you have enclosed to me.

Your purpose is an admirable one. Parents, pastors and teachers will welcome the aid your poem lends them in their efforts to win for Him who best may claim the title "Children's Friend," the little ones entrusted to their care.

Faithfully yours,
WM. T. SABINE
(Pastor of the Church of the Atonement).

From the "Home Journal," Dec. 23, 1874.

"Mr. Albert Welles, formerly editor of the Chronotype Magazine, and the writer of numerous works in prose and verse, is about to bring out a narrative poem for children, 'The Life of Jesus.' The specimen of the work which we have seen gives promise of a clear, picturesque, simplicity and dignity of the Bible narrative. This we hold to be great praise for any attempt to improve the original."

No. 8 EAST 24TH STREET, MADISON SQUARE,
NEW YORK, Dec. 18, 1874.

My dear Sir:—As I am no longer a pastor, I cannot do much for the circulation of your book among children, as once I might. But I congratulate you in doing anything in the way of versification, and rhythm, and pictorial illustrations, to interest children, in homes and schools, in the wondrous life of our Lord upon the earth, and so I wish you the utmost success in your most laudable undertaking.

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM ADAMS,
(Vice-President of the Evangelical Alliance).

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[From the Herald Sept. 8, 1874.]

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Yesterday afternoon Tammany Hall was filled by a respectable gathering to witness the first premium allotment of the Industrial Exhibition Bonds, which event inaugurated a new epoch in American finance. The system upon which the drawing was made is one which comes to America with the highest European indorsement. The French, Prussian and other governments have raised immense sums—over \$600,000,000 in gold by means of this system, which is the creation of the Rothschilds. In the opening address, F. A. Alberger, President of the Company, stated at great length the workings of the system, saying, in the course of the explanation, that as each bond cost only \$2 it was within the power of the workingman and tradesman, to assist in one of the greatest enterprises that New York City had ever taken in hand. The system, besides the foreign prestige and experience spoken of, has the sanction of the Legislature of the State by Special enactment.

Some time since a detailed account of the plans of the Industrial Exhibition Company were published in the Herald. To re-state the object of the Company tersely, it is to build on what is now known as the "Cattle Yards," between Ninety-eighth and One-hundred and second streets, near Central Park, a Crystal Palace, which is to serve as a perpetual museum, exhibition and sales mart, for the industries of the nations of the earth. It is hoped to have the buildings finished in 1875, so that all the products and works of art which have been at Philadelphia on exhibition, can be brought here and left permanently as a monument to American and foreign industry.

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DEXTER is fed low, according to the prevailing ideas of horse diet. He has not, in Mr. Bonner's hands, been treated to more than nine quarts of oats a day, a quart or two of bran, and a few wisps of hay, given carefully with great regularity.

"ACCEPT my thanks for your excellent and practical JOURNAL, and allow me to congratulate you on your success in making it the leading educational newspaper—bright, active, and full of vital power for us who teach. R. R. W.

SHORT.

Short speeches, says the man in power, My minute has to serve an hour; Short settlements, exclaims the friend, Our friendship else would have an end; Short dinners, Medics have urged, Or of disease you can't be purged; Short writings, if in prose or rhyme, The cars are off, we're out of time; Now about the million as they rush To drown reflection—thought to crush

LONG.

Long speeches Congressmen will squeal, Lest voters ask about our zeal: Long settlements, says Lawyer Jones, Will leave our clients well picked bones; Long dinners, diplomats will say— Cook's my most precious attaché; No wines disposed of half so well, As that diplomacy can sell; Long tangled yarns of bawdy trash, Says Bookman, bring the ready cash; The million wait not to digest— A nauseous drug that physics best.

AN old French countess of the most exquisite politeness was about to breathe her last, when she received a call from an acquaintance ignorant of her mortal illness. The answer sent down from the chamber of the departing sufferer was memorably unique: "The Countess de Rouen sends her compliments to Madame de Calais, but begs to be excused as she is engaged in dying."

SOME one asked a man who was counted a great genius, to define genius, and he said, "Genius is industry." Things never come about of themselves. The man who writes a great book never wrote it in a day or a week. The man who has reported a great invention did not combine wheel and piston in an hour or a month; but it was the industry of inquiry, the industry of application. Industry is the first law of success.

CHEERFULNESS, or a joyous spirit fills the soul with harmony; It composes music for churches and hearts: It produces thankfulness, and serves the end of charity; and when the end of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and spreading joy round about. Therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious, and full of holy advantage, whatever can minister to this holy joy does set forward the work of religion and charity.

TOM bought a gallon of whiskey to take home, and by way of a lable wrote his name upon a card which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it to the handle. A friend coming along and observing the jug quietly remarked, "That's an awful careless way to leave that liquor!" "Why?" said Tom, "Because some one might come along with the eight of clubs and take it."

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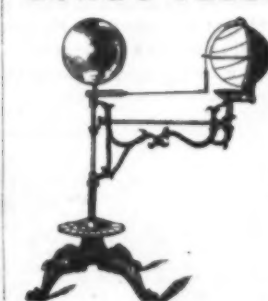


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